The Literary Digest

FOR MAY 23, 1936

Volume 121 . Number 21 . Whole No. 2405

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Published at 354 Fourth Ave. . New York

Contents

MAIL 1
TOPICS OF THE DAY 3
TOPICS IN BRIEF 11
FOREIGN COMMENT 12
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE 18
DRAMA AND MUSIC 20
LETTERS AND ART 26
RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE 32
OFF-SIDE 34
LABOR 35
SPORT AND SPORTSMEN 37
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY 40
THE SPICE OF LIFE 44

Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

Bolivar

Sir:—In a recent issue you comment on Simon Bolivar's idea regarding the formation of a Pan-American Congress (or League of Spanish American Nations).

You state that he died, leaving six Republics, Venezuela, Peru, Panama, Colombia, Bolivia, and Ecuador.

I have no books of reference at hand but I believe that Bolivar liberated only five countries. Panama, a province of Colombia at that time, became a Republic only a comparatively short time ago (around 1905). History does not say so, but was not Panama made a Republic with the "help" of the United States because Colombia, for some reason or other, was opposed to the Panama Canal being built by the U. S.? I. B. QUINTANA.

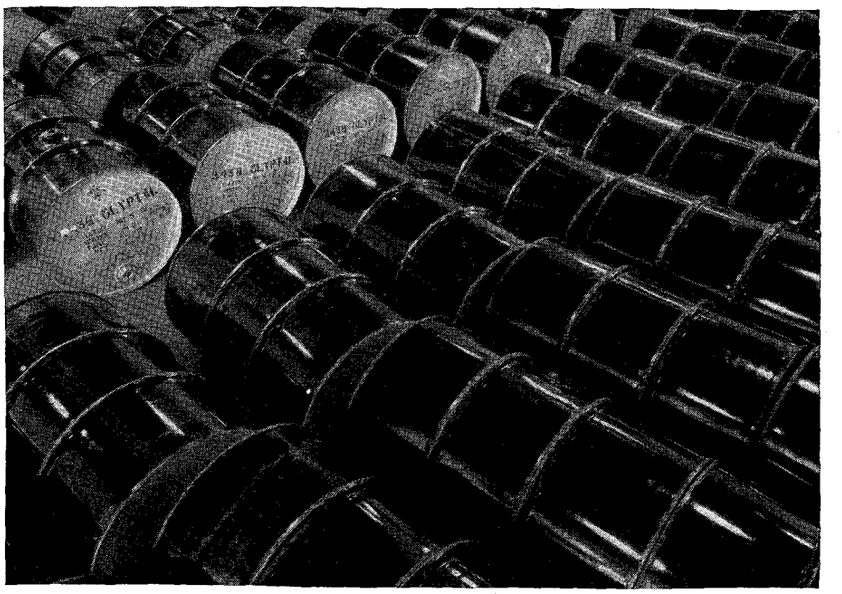
Torreon, Mexico.

[The Encyclopædia Britannica, Fourteenth Edition, states: "BOLIVAR, SIMON (1783-1830), soldier and statesman, leader of the revolutions which resulted in the independence from Spain of what are now Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Peru, and Bolivia . . ." *Editor.*]

"Fighting Bob"

Sir:—The writer notices in the May 9 issue, on page 36, a reference to "Bob" Evans bringing the *Oregon* around the Horn in 1898 during the Spanish War. This is a curious error, because he commanded the *Iowa* in the Battle of Santiago, and was in the West Indies. It was

(Continued on page 43)



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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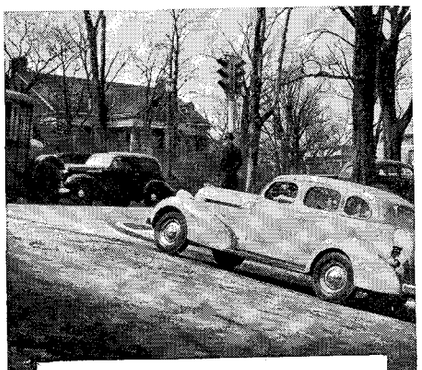

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK MAY 23, 1936

Topics of the day

NEW TRIUMPH IN SAGA OF THE "G MEN"

Director Hoover Completes Trapping of Biggest "Public Rats"

A car carrying a squad of men armed for a raid with revolvers, rifles, tear gas, and machine-guns moved swiftly along the busy street. The late afternoon sunshine slanted into the windows of a white apartment-house on the corner. Inside, the plain-clothes squad knew that a woman and two men, one slender and dark-haired, were moving about in one of the apartments, packing their belongings.

They were preparing for another quick getaway. Outside, in the quieter of the two streets, their car stood at the curb. Pedestrians and motorists passed it, unaware of the rifle in the back seat, ignorant of its owner's notorious identity.

But the men in the approaching car and the others who had drawn an inconspicuous net around the neighborhood knew well who that man was. For more than two years they had been trying to catch up with him. Now they were set for his capture. Their plans laid with scientific care, they were ready to give their lives to catch or kill the slender, dark-haired man in the white house.

As the squad car swung around the corner, the woman and two men unexpectedly walked out of the house and moved toward the automobile at the curb. Instantly, the plans for a raid were changed; the capture would have to be made in the street.

Chance Interference—Expecting a blaze of gunfire at any moment, the squad driver headed straight for the other car. But again fate played a prank, with ghastly humor. Into that deadly no man's land between the two automobiles, a little boy came pedaling along on his bicycle.

The driver slowed up; then, as the boy passed out of range, shot his car in front of the other. Guns ready, the squad leaped out, yelled "throw up your hands" and covered the men and woman. Up went three pairs of hands.

The slender, dark-haired man, now white and shaking, was Alvin Karpis, Public Enemy No. 1; the man with him, Fred Hunter, mail robbery suspect. The squad of "G Men" that captured them was led by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Sitting at a big desk in his quiet Washington office last week, Mr. Hoover told about that country-stirring capture, and the quickly-following seizures of other outstanding desperadoes: William Mahan, Weyerhaeuser kidnaper; Harry Campbell, pal of Karpis, and Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., kidnaper of Mrs. Berry V. Stoll of Louisville, Kentucky.

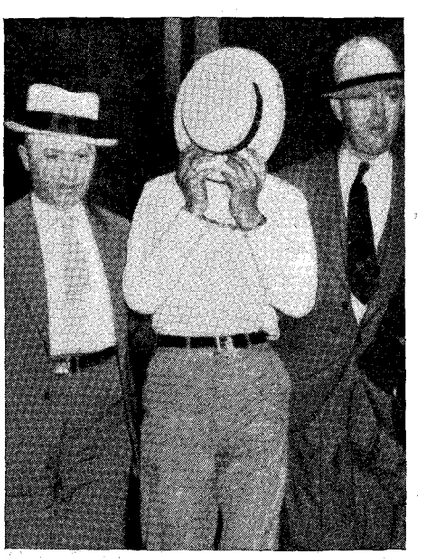
Swift Penalties—All had been captured in the space of eleven days, the slate wiped clean of the last big public enemy, or "public rat," in Mr. Hoover's phrase. Three of the four already had been sentenced to prison, Campbell to life for his part in the $200,000 kidnaping of Edward G. Bremer, St. Paul banker, on January 17, 1934; Mahan to sixty years for the $200,000 kidnaping of nine-year-old George Weyerhaeuser of Tacoma, Washington, on May 24, 1935, and Robinson to a life term for the $50,000 Stoll kidnaping on October 10, 1934.

Karpis alone had not pleaded guilty. He faced charges in the Bremer kidnaping and also in the $100,000 abduction of William Hamm, Jr., St. Paul brewer.

Elated by this quadruple victory over the underworld, and with the applause of the nation booming in his ears, Mr. Hoover spoke with frank pride of the achievements of his "G Men." But he showed some caution, for, he said, "you're a hero to-day and a bum to-morrow."

Looking at the record, he noted that 143 persons have been sentenced on kidnaping charges since the "G Men" began their clean-up with the passage of the Lindbergh Law, in 1932, which made kidnaping a Federal crime. Twenty-nine are serving life sentences; terms totaling 2,028 years have been imposed on the others; five, including John Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, and "Baby Face" Nelson, were killed resisting arrest.

Defiant Nemesis—Receiving congratulations on his whirlwind round-up of public enemies, Mr. Hoover declared that it was "by no means finished."



Pictures, Inc.

The march of the "G Men": Alvin Karpis escorted to his cell by Federal agents

"We're going down the line for the small fry now," he said. "By that I mean anybody who has aided any of these rats. That goes for politicians or anybody else.

"We're going to teach these people that a criminal is a typhoid germ and that anybody who touches him gets the same disease."

With his force now freed for concentration on the big bond and jewelry rackets, the Director will work to bring about drastic reforms in law enforcement methods. Reiterating that "politics is Public Enemy No. 1" because of the link between corrupt politicians and the underworld, he urged that all police departments be freed from political control.

"And I'd like to debunk investigative activities—it's all just a matter of hard work and common sense. We don't go in for the bing-bang stuff, regardless of what the movies show."

Contemptuous—Agreeing that there has been a change in the public's once rather tolerant attitude toward the outlaw, he observed that "people now realize there is no glamour in a dead rat." To-day public sympathy is tending in the opposite direction; the "G Man" is being glorified in the movies and newspaper comic strips, and through the manufacture of "G Men" toy badges for small boys.

The force that staged this clean-up consists of 600 "G Men" working under the personal direction of Mr. Hoover. The 600, scattered in thirty-seven offices throughout the country, are closely linked with Washington headquarters by telephone and telegraph as well as by a special teletype service.

Each cog in the FBI machine is a man chosen for exceptional qualifications and rigorously trained. Before he can hope to become a "G Man," the applicant must be a lawyer, or an accountant, or must have had wide experience in law enforcement. If he is under twenty-five or over thirty-five he can not apply; the average age of "G Men" is thirty-four years.

He first must pass a stiff written examination, then an oral test given by Mr. Hoover. If he clears these hurdles and the physical examination, he enters the special training school for three months of intensive work.

Special Training—Many subjects are covered. From the classroom where he has listened to a lecture on special phases of scientific crime detection, the student may go to the gymnasium for a lesson in ju-jutsu, or to another room where "Oscar, the most murdered man in the world," a wax dummy, serves as the victim of a thousand theoretical killings.

He learns to dust powder on *Beulah*, an ancient automobile, to bring out fingerprints, and must drive his mind hard to solve the scores of hypothetical cases that are put before him.

One of the most important courses is

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Drawn by Ben Soloway for THE LITERARY DIGEST

J. Edgar Hoover, "G Man" No. 1: Politics is his Public Enemy No. 1

that in the use of firearms. In the shooting-range in the basement, he practises with the revolver, automatic pistol and submachine-gun, firing at silhouette and ordinary targets at varying distances up to thirty yards. One trick to learn is to fire a tracer bullet in the dark to locate his target, then hit it.

On the outside range he is trained in the use of automatic rifles and shotguns, bolt action rifles, with a killing-range of three miles, monitor (or "demolition") guns, riot guns, gas grenades and tear gas guns. He learns to shoot with either hand, kneeling, prone, standing, at both stationary and moving targets. Before he is assigned to the field, the neophyte must qualify as a marksman or better; once a month during his career he must requalify.

In the great finger-print division, a world clearing-house for criminal information, there are 6,000,000 finger-prints, but it takes only a couple of minutes to track one down.

In the laboratory the student learns why the bureau is so careful about the preservation of evidence—the record of convictions is 94 per cent. Here he learns how chemicals will bring out not only latent finger-prints, but even the figures that have been completely filed from revolvers or other articles. He is shown how invisible ink is developed, the importance of photography in crime detection, and how every pistol and gun writes its signature on a bullet.

The services of the laboratory are free to police departments throughout the country. Here many mysterious crimes are easily solved.

If at the end of the three-months' training period the applicant has qualified as a "G Man," he is assigned to one of the thirty-seven offices. In the field, he carries a .38 caliber revolver, and an identification card or a badge. The latter he usually keeps in his pocket—"there is no badge-flashing," said Mr. Hoover.

When about to engage in a raid, the "G Man" may wear a bullet-proof vest, if he wishes. These vests are of four-ply steel covered with black cloth, are impervious to all but high-powered bullets and weigh twenty-five pounds each. Because of their weight, many "G Men" prefer not to be encumbered with them.

Once a year the field man returns to Washington for a month of retraining. He receives a salary of $3,200 a year to start and may be raised to $3,600.

Press Comment—Heartfelt relief, profound gratification, and huzzaing congratulations all are expressed by the American press as it revels in the "G Men's" triumph.

They "have hung up a record . . . for which the American people are very grateful," says the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* and the New York *Times* adds that "a great fear has been lifted from the hearts of many thousand parents and a reproach from the whole American people."

"Organized crime, with some justice, formerly laughed at 'the law,'" observes the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* but "it is not even smiling now."

"How about some raises all around for the 'G Men'?" suggests the New York *Daily News.* "The object is to keep the Federal Bureau of Investigation the terror to criminals that it has become. And this is a good way to do that."

"Still better news" than the round-up, to the Detroit *Free Press,* is the announcement that Hoover and his aids "are going to put the heat on persons who have been aiding such criminals to escape the law.

Wide Field—"The crooked politicians who 'protect' criminals, the doctors who perform plastic surgery on them and mess up their finger-tips to defy detection through finger-prints, the lawyers who pull them through loopholes in the law, the bondsmen who bail them out, and the keepers of the dives which harbor them, are all allies and partners in the crimes which the criminals commit."

A trace of regret mars the jubilation of the Chicago *Daily News,* for "had there been efficient State and local police, properly coordinated, every one of these cases could have been solved without Federal intervention. The significance of the 'G Men's' triumph is not only victory over crime, but conclusive evidence of lost opportunity by local police organization. . . ."

Says the Springfield *Union:*

"What the country needs to-day, to back up the 'G Men,' are 'G Judges' and 'G Juries' and 'G Prosecuting Officers.'"

DARK HORSE It's Vandenberg, of Michigan, Artillerist in a Senatorial No Man's Land

"He can't even drive a nail in the wall; why, he'd starve if he didn't have some one to look after him."

The man with the hammer, as seen through the eyes of his wife, is the outstanding dark horse in the Republican Presidential race, towering, rugged Arthur H. Vandenberg, Michigan Senator.

"But I have never known any one," the woman who keeps him from starving adds, "who had such a great capacity for hard work and intense concentration."

For months the Grand Rapids lawyer-editor has been concentrating on the weaknesses of the New Deal; and altho he may rate zero as a home carpenter, as a merciless driver of metaphorical nails into the Roosevelt edifice he has achieved such success that, on the eve of next month's nominating Convention, political wiseacres are saying Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas had better be a very early bird, else the Michigander will get the worm.

After a grueling day's work on the Senate floor, this graying nemesis of government panaceas lumbers off to greet his family—wife, three children by a first wife, one grandson—in a Washington hotel. There, settling his giant frame in an overstuffed chair, he lights the day's steenth cigar (see cover), then lights into the Democrats.

As he talks, earnestly, often excitedly, the great brown eyes behind their rimless oval spectacles give off sparks as the subject warms; now and then he damply pats the high forehead where once luxuriant

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black hair is not only gray, but almost gone; always, the cigar goes out, and the Senator has to beg a match.

His intimates swear that he never had a match of his own; they hope that, despite the law of averages,* he will have a chance in November to show whether or not he is a match for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It may be significant that this hard-working Congregationalist Son of the American Revolution has a habit of defying the law of averages; his doctor says that, according to all the rules, the Senator ought to be dead, instead of the symbol of health, both physically and politically.

Careless of Meals—For he is completely indifferent to food at all times, and often goes a whole day without bothering to eat; or contents himself with a bowl of mashed potatoes, dripping with butter, or a heaping plate of succotash (with orthodox string-beans, not limas).

Toward the King's English he is equally indifferent. The hard-used typewriter at his elbow rattles out "colume" after "colume," and if his secretary corrects the spelling, her boss retorts amiably that it just doesn't make any "differance" to him.

That air-cooled typewriter is the machine-gun with which the Michigan marksman has been sniping away, month in and month out, at every New Dealer who stuck his head indiscreetly above the parapet. Its steel-jacketed nouns and dumdum adjectives have winged, in turn, Postmaster General James A. Farley, PWA Administrator Harold L. Ickes, WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins, and Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace. For the President himself it reserved such choice tracer bullets as "The New Ordeal" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde-Park."

Its deadly aim earned for Gunner Vandenberg most of the credit for forcing the Administration to stop pouring millions into the Florida Ship Canal and the Passamaquoddy tide-harnessing project, and for wringing consent from the Senate to revelation of big AAA beneficiaries.

*Since the War Between the States, only six dark horses have upset preconvention favorites. Republicans: Rutherford B. Hayes, 1876, 7th ballot; James A. Garfield, 1880, 36th ballot; Benjamin Harrison, 1888, 8th ballot; Warren G. Harding, 1920, 10th ballot. Democrats: Horatio Seymour, 1868, 22nd ballot; John W. Davis, 1924, 103d ballot.

Actually, tho he has furnished his Party with some of its choicest ammunition, he has not asked that he be made Chief Gunner. The Michigan delegation will offer his name, but he himself will do nothing, has done nothing, to push it. If the Republicans and the country want him, he'll do his best to lead them the rest of the way out of the depression; if they don't, he won't be disappointed.

Costly Politics—He ought to be a depression expert, for the slump of 1893 ruined his father, a Grand Rapids harness-maker, and tossed the nine-year-old Vandenberg into the workaday world. He landed on his feet with a job as proprietor of a push-cart freight service. After that came a variety of odd jobs, from one of which he was fired for taking time out to cheer Theodore Roosevelt in a political parade.

Before he was out of his 'teens, the itch to write drove him to hammer out 105 short stories and send them to magazines; he got back 105 rejection slips. But his muse must have been part bulldog, for he wrote story No. 106—and sold it to *Pearson's Magazine* for $30.

During a term as office boy-cub reporter on the Grand Rapids *Herald* he met another cub, by name Frank Knox, to-day Publisher of the Chicago *Daily News* and a rival for the nomination; they are still close friends. But they were not long together on the *Herald*, for Vandenberg left to write advertising copy for *Collier's Weekly*, decided in the midst of it to become a lawyer, took a year at the University of Michigan, ran out of money and returned to the *Herald;* Knox was no longer there.

As Editor and General Manager, at twenty-two, the native son proceeded to build a reputation as an editorial writer and embellish it by turning out three books—a biography of Alexander Hamilton, whom he considers the greatest American; a sequel, "If Hamilton Were Here To-day"; and "The Trail of Tradition," a history of American foreign policy.

Legislative Stands—He styles himself a "Constitutional Liberal," but he has not damned the New Deal wholesale, nor supported all schemes originating elsewhere. He voted for the Social Security Act, and the creation of the Securities and Exchange Commission (he is said to hate Wall Street); but he voted against NRA, AAA, the Bankhead Cotton Control Act, the $4,800,000,000 work-relief fund, the Holding Company Act, the Guffey Coal Control Act, the Labor Relations Act, and the Reciprocal Tariff Act. He fathered the Federal Bank Deposit Insurance Act, was a prime mover in neutrality legislation and the drive to put the Post Office Department on a Civil Service basis; has fought the Townsend Plan.

Now, with the Convention less than three weeks away, editors are beginning to take serious note of this man who, in 1934, urged his Party to liberalize itself; who recently remarked that "there are two ways you can make a revolution in this country: one is to extend the New Deal, the other is to go back to the Old Deal."

Press Comment—Says *The Farm Journal:* "So carefully does he balance his discussions between conservatism and progressivism . . . that the net result is often pretty much of a dried apricot—good for thought, but not especially stimulating to the palate of profound conviction."

The Portland *Oregonian* (Ind. Rep.) believes "he would make a good President," and the Coffeyville (Kan.) *Journal,* (Rep.) in Landon's own backyard, agrees "Vandenberg (after the Kansas Governor) is the next best." His own Grand Rapids *Herald* insists he is "vigorous and able," and the Cincinnati *Enquirer* (Rep.) observes that "none of the half dozen other leading contenders has made as much of a constructive contribution."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Rep.) thinks "Republicans might do a lot worse than to nominate him"; the St. Louis *Star-Times* (Rep.) predicts he will be "more of a Presidential figure in 1940"; and the Detroit *News* (Rep.) feels that everything "seems to spell Vandenberg if no one can be nominated on the first or second ballot."

To at least one Democratic editor, it doesn't make much difference who gets the Republican nomination. Says the Atlanta *Constitution:* "The real issue is who will be the Presidential candidate four years hence. The present contest is shadow-boxing for 1940, if by that time the Republican Party is not in the grave with its progenitor, the Whig Party."

Pictures, Inc.

The Vandenbergs at home: (left to right) Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr.; the Senator; his grandson, John Knight, Jr.; Mrs. Vandenberg; and Barbara Vandenberg Knight

TAFT TO FORE His Capture of Ohio Delegates Disappointing to Borah

A native son will be the favorite son of Ohio when the Republican National Convention meets in that State June 9.

The native favorite will be Robert A. Taft of Cincinnati, forty-seven, a six-footer, standing solidly under a baldish blond shock of hair. The votes in Ohio's Republican primary last week made that a certainty. The same votes, spelling emergence for Taft, seemed to mean submergence for William E. Borah.

Senator Borah entered Ohio knowing that victory might make, and defeat break, his hope of becoming, or at least of naming, the Republican Presidential Candidate. On his showing in earlier primaries in other States, he could hardly expect to be a commanding convention figure at Cleveland.

Into Ohio, therefore, he put the vim and

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Acme

Robert A. Taft, beside picture in which his father, late President, appears (at right)

pluck of a last stand. Stumping grimly through the State; shaking his iron-gray mane, he stamped on the dragon of monopoly and called Republican reactionaries its breeders and keepers.

It was Borah against the field. Taft, the Senator scoffed, was "not in any sense a candidate for President."

The question is whether his heavy primary vote has made him one. Geography, heredity, environment, and personality chip in to give him qualities that make dark horses bright.

The elder son of ex-President William Howard Taft has brown eyes, and a high-pitched voice, is dignified in manner, moderate in habits, and conservative in dress. He plays better-than-average golf, fishes expertly for trout, but fancies himself primarily as a strawberry grower; he has raised as many as 12,000 quarts in a season. He is married, has four sons, two of them at Yale, and lives in a remodeled farmhouse on a fifty-acre tract in Cincinnati's prosperous Indian Hill district.

Press Interpretations—George Van Slyke in the New York *Sun* (Ind.), says Taft will "enter the Cleveland National Convention next month as a candidate for President in his own right and another possible dark horse who may trot off with the nomination."

"First in nation-wide interest," says the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.), founded by the late Charles P. Taft, Robert's uncle, "is the clear-cut victory over the Borah ticket of the delegates pledged to Robert A. Taft."

Borah's candidacy, the Dayton *Herald* (Ind.) chimes in, "has lost whatever significance it may once have possessed." He "must be content with being a great moral influence," joshes the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.).

Yet, in the vote for him, the Dayton *Daily News* (Ind.-Dem.) sees a sign of "the cleavage which separates liberal from conservative in the Republican ranks."

The Senator himself had "no comment nor complaint" on the Ohio returns, but two days later, speaking in New Jersey, where he opposed Governor Landon in the Republican primaries May 19, he threatened to bolt the Party unless it liberalized its leadership and principles.

BRISK HOOVER His Tread Is More Elastic, His Eyes Shine as He Lambastes New Deal and Its Works

"Boy, you told 'em plenty to-night."

Herbert Hoover's plump, ruddy cheeks creased into a grin as some one in the applauding audience shouted his enthusiasm. Standing on the stage of Philadelphia's Academy of Music, he had just completed a forty-five-minute speech riddling the New Deal from forelock to fetlock.

Motoring to Philadelphia from New York that day, he had announced that he would not attend the Republican National Convention, and replied, "I hope so; I think so," when reporters asked him whether President Roosevelt would be repudiated in the November election.

Philadelphia saw a Hoover far different from the haggard man who left the White House three years ago. He was grayer, a shade heavier, but his step was elastic, and his eyes shone with health and spirits.

More Respect—For this time he was speaking with the freshened political prestige given him by his recent California victory.

And what he said had none of the heavy-handedness his speeches used to have, but all of the crackling sparkle which they have lately had, and which cynical commentators attribute to his deft publicity man, Ben S. Allen.

Bright phrases and images studded it: "About as progressive as a slow-motion film run backward. . . . Take the favoritism of politics out of the bread of relief. . . . The President said that under the codes child labor went out in a flash. It was mostly a flash in the pan. . . . If the New Dealers would go to a few baseball games they would learn that the umpire can not play on the team. . . . There are five horsemen of this Apocalypse. . . . Pork Barrel, Poppycock, Privilege, Panaceas, and Poverty."

Pros and Cons—But, unlike the auditors, some editors greeted Mr. Hoover's speech with boos. "The policies he still advocates are the policies which intensified the depression," remarked the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.). *The Arkansas Democrat* (Dem.) observed that "his 'destruction-of-human-freedom' alarm is good except that it is a couple of thousand years old."

The Madison (Wis.) *Capital Time* (Ind.) found him "the same soured sag of Palo Alto spruced up with a few smar catchwords provided by his agile ghos writer," and *The Daily Calumet* (Ind) of Chicago used Mr. Hoover's own base ball imagery to score a point:

"When Mr. Hoover was pitching he wa knocked all over the lot by the Babe Ruth of depression. The nation cried for a new pitcher, and got one in Roosevelt. Why not let him finish the game?"

But the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* (Ind.-Rep.) thought the speech "powerful and punchy." "The most important by him during the past year," added the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.). *The Montana Standard* (Ind.-Dem.) found his conclusions "fraught with truth."

"Millions of Americans feel as he feels," declared the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.-Rep.); to which the Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* (Ind.-Rep.) adds "The nation owes Mr. Hoover a vote of thanks."

RAGING RELIEF Controversies Splutter as Senators Ponder WPA's Thumping Appropriation

Citizens of Memphis gaped at a rare sight as they walked to work one morning last week. Down one of the main streets of the city rolled a creaky, iron-wheeled cart piled high with nondescript bundles. On the narrow seat in front were a sad-eyed mother with four small children. In the traces was a sinewy, gray-bearded carpenter named Dave Sweatman. Seventy-one years old, he had pulled his family and belongings the entire 435 miles from Tulsa to Memphis with the hope of finding a job.

While Sweatman plugged along dusty Tennessee roads with his 975-pound load, Congress was taking steps toward keeping his family and 2,000,000 others from want during the next twelve months. The First Deficiency Bill carrying an appropriation of $1,425,000,000 to keep the relief program of Harry L. Hopkins's Works Progress Administration functioning until July,

Pictures, Inc.

Dave Sweatman: From Tulsa to Memphis by foot, with a 975-pound load

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1937, was whipped through the House of Representatives.

Its speed was not slackened by the noisy, but feeble, efforts of one bloc of Congressmen to have a large slice of this relief pie set aside for the use of Harold LeClair Ickes's Public Works Administration. President Roosevelt threw his vast legislative influence against the Ickes bloc.

Raging Dispute—As the bill lingered in the Senate Appropriations Committee, preparatory to being brought out for action on the floor this week, controversy continued to rage. First, Rexford G. Tugwell told a Senate Subcommittee on Appropriations that unless his Resettlement Administration received more funds, the bureau would have to close up shop in two months.

Then Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona declared that he would carry on in the Senate the House bloc's fight to have $700,000,000 of the relief appropriation earmarked for the PWA, if the Ickes bureau produces something valuable with the money it receives. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg proposed that the $1,425,000,000 be divided among the States as the first step toward a State-administered relief program.

Meanwhile on the front pages of the Washington *Post* and the New York *Herald Tribune,* two vehemently anti-New Deal papers, appeared a series of three articles charging a local WPA division with political corruption. Written by Agnes E. Meyer, wife of Eugene Meyer, former Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, and present owner of *The Post,* the feature was headed, "The Authentic Story of the Building of a WPA Political Juggernaut in Westchester County, New York, at the Expense of the Hungry."

While the Senate Appropriations Committee went through the formality of holding hearings on the new relief fund, taxpayers looked glumly at a work-relief program that was costing them $80 a month a person-on-relief as against a "dole" program that had come to only $33. They wondered, also, why, with business conditions improving daily, there are almost 1,000,000 more relief cases to-day than in May, 1933, when the depression was at its blackest.

Press Reflections—The press paused to reflect on this prime problem.

"The relief question will doubtless be with us for a long time to come," said the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.), and suggested that Congress find an alternative for the present program. "The best would be . . . to substitute for it a system of grants-in-aid, under which the Federal Government would merely allot funds for relief purposes in some proportion to funds raised locally for that purpose."

Other papers fell in step with the proposal. "Certainly the positive effort right now should be toward localization of authority, and direction at the greatest feasible rate of speed," advised the Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Ind.-Dem.). "The logical and economical thing to do," the Los Angeles *Times* (Rep.) agreed.

But the Cedar Rapids *Gazette* (Ind.), admitting that decentralization of relief administration is desirable, suggested that "many States would crumple under the load if it were dumped on their backs again suddenly."

The Washington *Daily News* (Ind.) gave the opinion: "Despite all the faults that go along with remote control, we are convinced that, in matters of spending, the source that provides should administer."

GOLD GIBRALTAR U. S. Digs Stronghold for Six Billions in Kentucky Fastness

A hypothetical scene from the much discussed "coming world war":

From their cleverly concealed emplacements deep in thick forests fifty miles away, "Big Berthas" send their unannounced messengers of death screaming high over the Champagne and the stately towers of Rheims Cathedral, to fall in the cobbled streets of Paris.

As the first cries of dying men and women announce this mythical war, bells clang noisily in the counting rooms of the Bank of France. Clerks feverishly stuff stacks of coin and sheafs of bank-notes into pneumatic tubes leading to underground vaults. A few blocks away near the river, carters load art treasures in the Louvre to speed them, also, to the bank's vaults.

Their valuables sent below, officers and guards hurry to swift elevators and winding staircases, to take refuge in the furnished rooms near the subterranean gold chambers. Behind their fleeing backs, great thirty-ton blocks of steel swing into place.

Refuge—For two months they can hold out in their luxurious fortress.

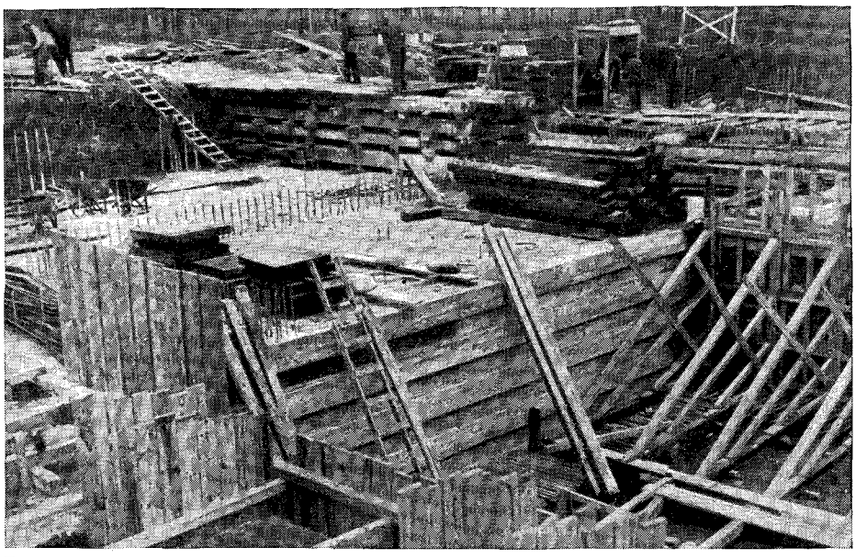
In 1780, the Bank of England, across the Channel, was not so fortunate. An excited mob stormed it, and would not retire until the armed guard opened fire. Should a similar riot threaten "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" to-day, an electric switch would be thrown, and the water-tight vaults, would be flooded.

If the rioters persisted and finally struggled through the swirling waters, it would take them thirty days, working with the best torches and jimmies, to bore their way into the steel-lined cells.

Last week, at Fort Knox, Kentucky, workmen were putting the finishing touches on a steel and cement vault to hold three-fifths of the ten-billion-dollar stock of gold of the United States. It promises to be even more impregnable than the Banks of France or England.

Rising two stories above the ground as a guard against tunneling operations, the building will be equipped with the latest and soundest protective devices that science has devised, walls of steel coated with layers of cement the thickness of which is a Treasury secret; pipes that will carry enough water to flood the whole building in emergency, steel plates surrounding the vaults which will set off deadly gas fumes as soon as a blow-torch is applied to them.

But the most potent arm of defense for the six billion dollars' worth of gold which will be taken from New York and Philadelphia to the new depository this summer,



Keystone

Into the ground of Fort Knox, Kentucky, go concrete and steel, gradually forming the fortress-like vault in which the Government will store its gold

will be the United States Army's only mechanized cavalry unit, stationed at Fort Knox. Should an epic bandit raid endanger the vault, speedy armed scout-cars and a force of 1,300 men would be ready for immediate action.

As for enemy invasions, an army would first have to fight its way through the Appalachians before it could reach the steel-encased treasure house reared against the hills which rim Fort Knox.

The world at large probably will never know what measures the Treasury Department will take to guard the vault. When Secretary Morgenthau was questioned, he smiled and remarked pithily: "We thought Fort Knox was a safe place. You know what I mean—*safe.*"

GAMBLERS' FOLLY How They Take Chances Like One in Billion Told by Mathematician

"*Faites vos jeux! Rien ne va plus!*"

In the fabulous Casino at Monte Carlo, the shuffle of the *croupier's* rake as he pushes the stacked chips across the gaming-board; smartly dressed men and women tensely waiting for the number that will break the bank.

"Co-ome to Papa! Huhn-yuh!"

In a New York back alley, the rattle of dice on pavement, a group of hobos huddled beneath a street lamp, hoping for the roll that will take the pot of scattered pennies.

The human race is notoriously willing to take a chance. At Teachers' College,

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Columbia University, last week, Dr. Aaron Bakst of the Department of Mathematics told how much of a chance there was to win at gambling.

Take the sweepstakes. If 5,500,000 tickets costing $2.50 apiece are sold, the chance of winning one of the fourteen prizes of $150,000 each, or the lesser prizes of $75,000 and $50,000, is one in 130,000. The chance of winning a smaller prize is one in 2,500.

Chances at Cards—In poker you have one chance in 62,000 of getting a straight flush, one in 4,000 of getting four of a kind, one in 600 of getting a full house, one in fifty of getting three of a kind, one in twenty of getting two pairs.

In bridge the chance of getting thirteen cards of the same suit is one in 153,000,000,000; of getting twelve in one suit, one in 300,000,000.

In roulette the possibility of winning thirty-six times the wagered amount is slightly less than one in thirty-six, allowing for the zero coming up.

In rolling dice you have four chances in eighteen to win on the first throw. The chance of getting a seven on the first roll is one in six, and of getting an eleven, one in eighteen.

The numbers game is the most vicious of the lot, with the chance of winning about one in 1,000,000,000.

Devices Inexact—Like all calculations, these presuppose ideal conditions. But all dice are loaded, honestly or otherwise. No roulette-wheel is perfectly balanced. Error creeps into all these calculations. The method of allowing for that error, in an effort to attain more nearly correct results, is Doctor Bakst's purpose in this gambling survey.

This theory of probability Doctor Bakst first tackled in his study. Last year he suggested that it be taught school-children as soon as they had learned to add and subtract, to teach them that the absolute conditions they would deal with in their arithmetic problems would probably never exist.

Far from having completed his survey, Doctor Bakst is going to dig deeper into his study of gambling.

The force with which dice are thrown, naturally, must have an effect on the number that turns up. In card games, the number of players and their positions at the table must determine in some way the cards they receive. He intends to study these variables, see how they influence the chances.

Mathematical Indictment—"Of all forms of gambling sweepstakes and lotteries, if honestly run, are the most innocent," said Doctor Bakst. "The policy racket, or numbers game, is the worst. As for the possibility of 'beating the horses,' I have not yet been able to fathom this game."

Swart, bespectacled, thirty-five, Doctor Bakst came to this country from Russia in 1921, worked at odd jobs while he went to Columbia night school. For some time he was a knitter in a mill.

He never gambles, hasn't any time for it. His survey keeps him busy night and day. His results come from simple arithmetical processes, not experience.

Newspapers have suggested that the survey might do more to stop gambling than a hundred reformers. Doctor Bakst shrugs his shoulders. Every day now his mail is cluttered with confidential notes from gamblers, assuring him that they have an infallible system. All they need is a little money and they'll show him.

UNHAPPY ISLAND An Excited American Pushes Puerto Rico Into Spotlight

The average Puerto Rican speaks Spanish, has seldom been rebellious in the more than 400 years since Columbus discovered the island, earns less than fifty cents a day working on a sugar, coffee, or tobacco plantation; has less need for the cotton clothing he wears than for shoes to insulate him against hookworm.

Most likely he never heard of Representative Marion Zioncheck, who last week "threatened" to "cut Puerto Rico away from the United States as soon as we get back to Washington," because he found striking San Juan high-school students in a one-day revolution were "too anti-Zioncheck."

Melodrama—Onto this most easterly island of the Caribbean, captured from Spain in 1898, the Member of Congress from Washington and his bride had plopped May 8 in a Miami plane. He promptly smashed up a borrowed car, was challenged to a duel, loudly demanded Marine protection, shrieked that he saw the American flag trampled in the streets, and finally fled in a Navy plane to the comparative quiet of the Virgin Islands.

Aside from giving Americans a few headaches and some laughs, he had succeeded in focusing their attention on the problem of colonial possessions and Puerto Rican independence, raised three weeks ago when Senator Millard Tydings offered a surprize independence plebiscite to the 1,600,000 islanders, now citizens of the United States.

Concern over the state of the island is not new. Many bills have gone through Congress to improve the condition of these mostly barefoot people. Education, health, and stimulation of native industry have come to Puerto Rico since the United States took the island. Presidents have visited it, pondered.

Under the New Deal, attempts have been made to do something about the thirty-six-year-old law, totally ignored, which prohibits the owning of more than 500 acres by any individual. In a rehabilitation attempt, the Federal Government has been spending $40,000,000, buying plantations, building houses, sending social workers to give advice. Government-built hydroelectric systems, $2,700,000 worth, are planned. Cooperatives are being started.

The FERA has fifteen clinics there which give birth-control information to the impoverished mothers of a land where there are 450 persons per square mile. English is taught in the schools, altho the native language is Spanish. And now suddenly the Washington proposal to drop the Reconstruction Administration and silence agitators with an offer of independence has hit the island.

Do shouts of "We Want Independence!" ring in palm-leaf huts, some of them built on stilts over the sea? Not very loudly, altho Statehood is the aim of the coalition of the Socialist and Republican Parties now in control of the Island Legislature. The Liberal Party has given lip service to independence, altho self-government under American sovereignty would satisfy it.

But in the modern, expensive high schools of San Juan and other cities, and even in the famed University of Puerto Rico, with its almost 3,000 students, complete separation from the American "empire" is the cry. Extremist Pedro Albizu Campos, Harvard graduate at the head of the minority Nationalist Party, is their leader.

After last week's day of excitement in the high schools, when Gov. Blanton Winship had to call out the National Guard, Washington officialdom was pained and surprized, altho the reason for the sudden sponsoring of the Tydings Bill was not apparent.

Press Comment—*The Christian Science Monitor* (Ind.) suggests it may be a "way to call the bluff of agitators for independence."

"It is doubtful if the Administration wanted to accomplish anything more than a realistic discussion of independence problems," declares the Washington *Post* (Ind.), while the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Ind.) notes "just one more plank which the Roosevelt Administration has disregarded."

The insular press calls the Tydings Bill, costing tariff and trade protection, "mon-

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Representative Marion Zioncheck and his bride: His vacation in Puerto Rico included a car smash-up, a retreat from a duel, and a call for the United States Marines

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strous." But, says *La Correspondencia* (Ind.), "if the American Government is in an angry mood and imposes it as an act of vengeance, let independence come, even tho it cost us our life."

El Pais feels the displacing of the United States flag ought not to be a disorderly act, but should be done respectfully and following a friendly understanding. *El Mundo* says the Tydings Bill is thirty-eight years late and pleases neither advocates of independence nor of statehood.

The whole question of American colonies is involved, sums up the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.), adding that "our native dependencies are beginning to shy at freedom."

JERSEY QUADRUPLETS

They Begin Earning Money Almost a la the Dionnes

In a Passaic, New Jersey, hospital last week, the shrill wailing of multiple tiny voices evoked a bluster of excitement unprecedented in the memory of the oldest nurse or doctor. To a thirty-six-year-old housewife had been born four babies—three boys and a girl.

Mrs. Emma Kasper had not only presented her $22-a-week machinist husband with a family problem, but Passaic with its biggest bit of publicity in years.

Emil, the tall, bashful father, trotted up and down the corridors mumbling, "Frank, Ferdinand, Felix, and Frances," and counting his fingers to eight—the number of mouths he now had to feed.

"It's a great thing," he kept saying. He looked out in the street and saw the crowds. Reporters told him he was almost as famous as Papa Dionne.

Assistance Prompt—First, the Passaic Mayor, Benjamin F. Turner, offered to act as business manager of the "quads" for life at no salary. From the West Coast a mother sent $600 in cash and a promise of $100 a month in memory of a son killed in a Mothers' Day accident.

Most startling, a New York tabloid snapped up exclusive interview and picture rights for a down payment of $750, $40 a week for the first year, and $50 a week the second. After six months, the contract ends if one of the babies dies.

There seemed little danger of that, according to the presiding physician, youthful Dr. Frank F. Jani. After a normal loss of weight after birth, all four gained. All were above three pounds except Felix.

Statistical Rarity—Beaming on the tiny tots, Emil Kasper now knows that the appearance of more than three children at a time has a definite financial meaning. Alert promoters remember always that while there is a set of twins in every 120 birth cases, and of triplets in every 7,900, there will be one set of quadruplets in 371,000. And quintuplets bless astounded parents only once in 41,600,000 births.

America leads the world in long-lived quadruplets with the "Bunch of Keys," of Waco, Texas. These four typical American girls, never ill a day in their lives, will be twenty-one June 4, As side-show attractions they have made as much as $1,000 a day for their father at State Fairs.

Last week, on a tour to publicize the Texas Centennial, they traveled to Canada to visit the greatest money-makers for their age. By June 27, their second birthday, the Dionne quintuplets will have earned an approximate $200,000 by allowing news agencies and motion-picture companies to aim cameras at them and by indorsing various baby products.

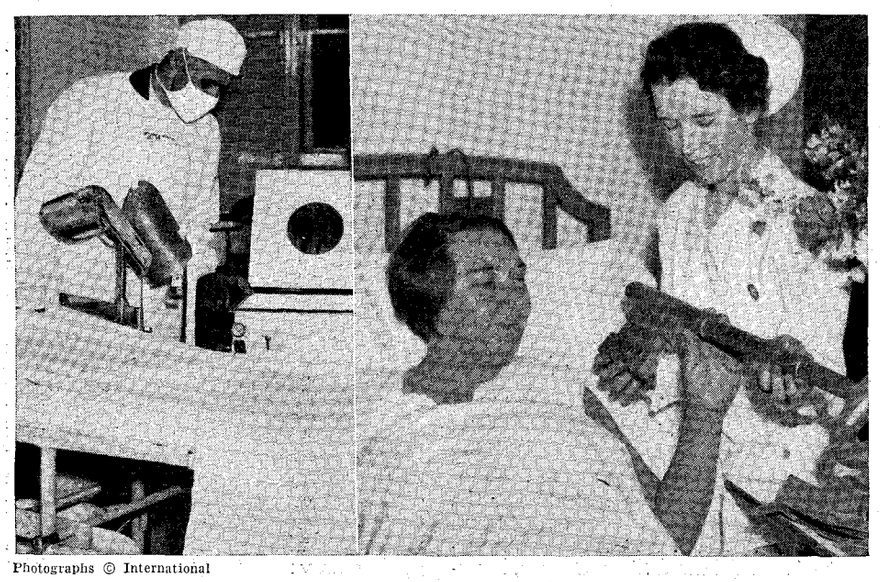
Official Wards—After paying expenses, the money goes into their trust fund, for their affairs are entirely managed by the Government. Whether the Jersey "quads" will be taken over by the State provided a hot issue for the press.

"Whether Mr. and Mrs. Kasper would agree to relinquish any of their rights in return for help from the State, is impossible to tell," said the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*.

Leaving this issue to the Legislature, the Detroit *News* adds a bit of praise for Mayor Turner:

"The Mayor goes on record at once against any move to exploit the children commercially as freaks, several offers already having been made.

"It is pleasing to subscribe to his views, and to report that a public official in the State of New Jersey has been up to something intelligent."



Photographs © International

Emil Kasper got four babies; the babies got an incubator; Mrs. Kasper got the key to the city

JOBS FOR YOUTH? 1936

Graduates' Prospects Are Reported Brighter

A girl left a big western university at the end of her third year and went to New York to look for a job. She wanted to be an actress. She would even start in a night-club floor show, if necessary, or with a few lines in a Broadway play. Then return west only via stardom in Hollywood. What she landed was a job as a salesgirl in a department store.

Selling during the seasonal rush, which had got her the job, was hard work. Her feet burned. Her ankles ached. And there wasn't any applause. But she made the readjustment; she found a new goal—head of stock with a five-dollar raise. She kept her eyes on it and worked hard. Then came the end of the season, the pink slip. She was fired. She had only three years of college. A college graduate, the head of personnel explained, was to take her job.

Rank injustice? But what about her classmates who stayed in college and will be graduated in June? Within less than a month, 1,135,000 restive youngsters between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five will charge down the steps of the 30,000 high schools and colleges of these United States. Half of them will be looking for work in a one-time land of plenty where now 10,000,000 are unemployed.

Will they be more successful than the graduates of '31, '32, '33, '34, and '35?

Puzzling Problems—Upon the answer to this question hang two others—of deeper significance. More than one commentator, in scanning the recent trend of Europe's youth for a possible precedent, has spoken of a "lost generation." Does America's "lost generation" consider itself lost? And, if it does, is it organizing behind the scenes to solve, even by force perhaps, the problems its elders have failed to solve?

Seeking an answer, THE LITERARY DIGEST sent out hundreds of questionnaires to those best suited to appraise the status of youth to-day. The returns are in. Great corporations estimate the numbers they expect to hire, offer opinions on the value of education. Directors of college employment bureaus compare the roll-call of jobs with that of the four previous years.

College editors gage the fluctuating hopes and fears of the soon-to-be graduates themselves. Finally, college administrators and "campus politicians" analyze the "Youth Movement," where it came from and where they think it is going.

Replies from corporations indicate that prospects are brighter for 1936. Of those submitting data, 58 per cent. said they were hiring more eighteen-to-twenty-five-year-olds this spring than last. Forty-six per cent. reported that they were drawing their new employees from this year's class, but the others were not discriminating among the '36 and three previous graduating classes. Seventy-one per cent. sent scouts to the college campuses to interview and hire likely prospects on the spot. Eighty per cent. believed the depression had increased the value of a college education as a wedge for getting a job.

Further Tests—An ominous note for early-depression graduates came from one business executive. "If we do draw from several years back, we want to know what the

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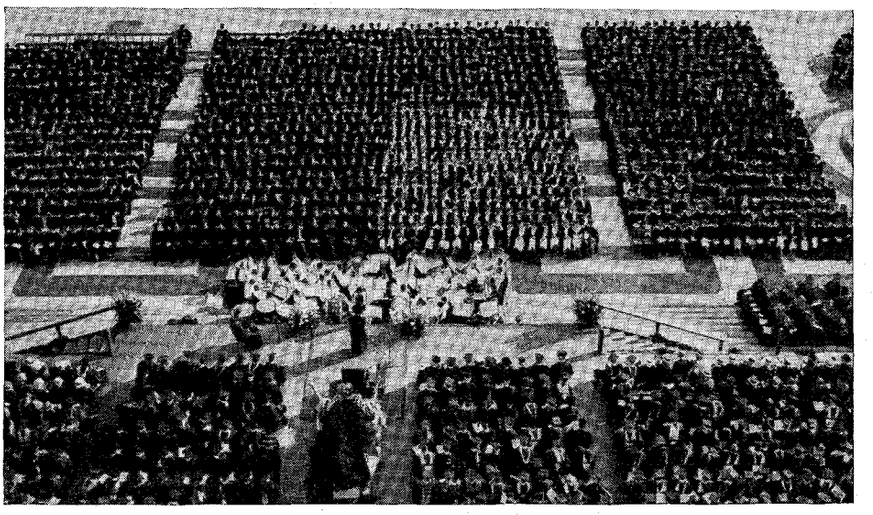
individual has been doing in the interval since graduation." The American Telephone and Telegraph Company warned that degrees were not enough, that "employers are likely to insist on excellent personal qualities and a good college record."

And tho the personnel director of General Mills, Inc., observed that "good old-fashioned application to hard work still governs job holding," no one thought the depression had decreased the value of academic preparation.

College employment bureaus agreed with this warming view. A near-unanimous 99 per cent. reported more jobs available than they had found in previous depression springs. Some cited as high as 400 per cent. increases over the period 1932-'33. Technical schools discovered actual shortages of candidates for certain fields. The University of Pennsylvania found the demand for chemical and mechanical engineers as great as the supply, "if not greater." The University of Minnesota revealed a similar situation.



Keystone

The college masses: What happens next?

Openings Develop — Massachusetts State College speaks of demands for agricultural scientists nearly equal to the boom years 1928 and 1929. The University of Michigan finds a shortage of students trained for personnel service. And Smith College wishes it were graduating more trained secretaries and beginner teachers.

Encouraging reports come, also, from the University of Denver, Carnegie Tech, Southern California, Massachusetts Tech, Barnard College, Wisconsin, California, and Texas. Types of employment available included jobs with engineering firms, household-equipment companies, public utilities, metallurgical industries, in schools, advertising agencies, investment companies, department stores, chain stores, insurance companies, automobile plants, oil and rubber companies.

"But while I believe that this year's crop of graduates have a more hopeful future than any since 1930," writes Aubrey Williams, Executive Director of the National Youth Administration, "the outlook for the graduates of the past five years is less hopeful." What of them? What about those youthful nomads, seen everywhere three or four years ago, riding the rods?

Fewer Wanderers—These youths, for the most part, were not college or even high-school graduates. Of police captains questioned, 77 per cent. reported decreases in the number of such transients of from 20 to 100 per cent. Only two cited increases—in Hartford, Connecticut (50 per cent.), and Iowa City, Iowa (5 per cent.). Half a million of them have been swallowed up in the CCC and in jobs in industry and government projects. And the college graduates, many student employment bureaus said, were largely wiped off their books by the business upswing.

Admittedly, there are still jobless college students everywhere. Thousands of girls have married men in little better circumstances than themselves. Many are living at home, waiting. And not a few have returned to college for graduate work. These are the ones, together with the poorly-paid young instructors, who might be expected to give blithe young graduates a foretaste of a troubled world ahead. Have they? Are they responsible for the Leftist organizations springing up here and there on American campuses?

The answer from college administrators and student editors is "no." The "Youth Movement" appears to have sprung up spontaneously among undergraduates, in some cases to have been exploited by outside forces, but soon to have languished in most schools.

In fact, there is a clashing of opinions as to whether or not a Youth Movement exists. Only 35 per cent. of the student editors thought they could discern one. Only 23 per cent. admitted a "growing awareness" of economic and political problems, without calling it a Youth Movement. While the remaining 42 per cent. saw nothing at all on the horizon.

Activity Doubted—Even fewer—eleven out of fifty-two — college administrators thought any such movement was afoot, the majority dismissing any manifestations they had seen as "silly," "ineffective," "futile," "temporary," and "of minor significance." Virtually all denied that members of the faculty were responsible for any possible Leftist activity.

With this thesis most college editors agreed. The editor of *The Florida Flambeau,* Florida State College, Tallahassee, noted, however, "an impetus largely owing to the arrival of several young professors," and added that the movement "had its greatest opposition from the classroom."

Twenty-seven editors reported Right-wing groups on their campuses; six mentioned units of the American Student Union, a coalition of Socialist and Communist elements; two listed units of the American Liberty League; three, Veterans of Future Wars. Five stressed peace protests as the fountain from which some of these organizations sprang to being.

Pacifism Analyzed—Nine faculty members also emphasized the peace aims of groups on their campuses, brought to focus last month in a nation-wide series of protest meetings arranged by the American Student Union. Out of those meetings came the charge that the A. S. U. was Communist-controlled and Moscow-instructed; that the peace protest was only a blind to dupe unsuspecting students into organizing for the ultimate purpose of attacking the American form of government.

At least two college presidents saw the danger of youths being used as catspaws by outside agencies. R. G. Bressler, President of Rhode Island State College, Kingston, wrote: "I am firmly convinced that there aren't five out of a hundred youth movements that have any origins whatsoever among youth itself. . . . These things that get into the public press . . . invariably have come to the campuses as subtle suggestions."

Another, who asked that his name not be used, said unequivocally that "the so-called 'Youth Movement' throughout the country is made up of a number of drives or thrusts carefully calculated by older heads who have certain objectives in mind and who play upon the quick enthusiasms of young people. Just now they are persuading the young people that their economic future is insecure, in the hope of molding them into radical groups.

"The same picture of fear under the guise of a 'peace movement' is used to break down loyalty to the country and dependable citizenship. There is practically no *spontaneous* 'Youth Movement.'"

Life Work Uppermost — But Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase, Chancellor of New York University, hits upon something more significant than any specter of a Communist-controlled machine to overthrow American institutions. He notes that "the majority of college students are not particularly interested in politics or in youth movements or in allegiance to any particular causes. They are too busy and too much concerned about their careers."

Two of the student editors, too, paint much the same picture. Says Henry S. Heuser, of *The Purdue Exponent,* Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.: "The Youth Movement will be dropped when current economic problems are solved by prosperity." And H. S. Ashmore, editor of *The Tiger,* Clemson Agricultural College, Clemson, South Carolina, reports that students in the Deep South "feel that the New Deal policies are liberal enough for them, and are contentedly looking forward to government jobs."

From a lowly government job to that of the head of stock in a New York department store, students everywhere this year are looking forward to jobs with a new optimism, in the opinion of 84 per cent. of the college employment bureaus. One reply to the survey even spoke of the "return of the old collegiate cockiness." Prospective employees are specifying the kind of work they will tackle. The majority are getting away from that "I'll take anything" attitude.

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Topics in Brief

How about giving back those wedding rings, Benito?—*F.P.A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

What this country really needs is some thoroughly inefficient tax-collectors.—*Dunbar's Phoenix (Ariz.) Weekly.*

Congress is so convinced of the value of a deficit that it is going to make everybody have one.—*American Lumberman.*

Alvin Karpis has been landed in St. Paul. His next stop, no doubt, will be St. Peter.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

The trouble about a 249-page tax bill is that you can't tell how it turns out by reading the last few pages.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Haile Selassie's place in history seems secure. He is the last man who took the League of Nations seriously.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Under the rules "everybody must approach the President with empty hands." Then it isn't permissible to hold out a tin-cup?—*Toledo Blade.*

"Let us seal your suit in a moth-proof bag for the summer."—Dry cleaner's ad. No, thanks; we sunburn rather easily.—*Providence News-Tribune.*

Addis Ababa has fallen, Haile Selassie has fled, and the final score is Italy 2, Ethiopia 0, with thirty-two sanctions left on bases.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

A theatrical paper thinks a poll would show sentiment for a return of vaudeville. In Representative Zioncheck's district it already has.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Schmeling, after a look at the films, thinks Joe Louis's weakness is a vulnerability to right-hand punches. We thought it was plaid overcoats.—*Detroit News.*

One of the simplest things to understand and the most difficult to learn is that the time to save money is when you've got some.—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal.*

Mr. Selassie must ever hold in loving and grateful memory the fact that in his struggle with Mussolini Great Britain was behind him—far, far behind.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The nomination of Karpis as public enemy No. 1, says J. Edgar Hoover, was never official. However, the Notification Committee has landed its man.—*Cincinnati Star-Times.*

"The Passing of the Windjammer," an editorial head-line in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* comes under the head of cheering news until you read the editorial and find it is talking about ships.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

All newlyweds in Germany receive a complimentary copy of Hitler's book, "My Struggle." This definitely proves that there is something in the world more useless than the imitation silver candle-holders.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal.*

"YOU AIN'T HEARD NUTHIN' YET"

—Bishop in the St. Louis Star-Times

That great tidal project down in Maine seems to have changed for the nonce from Passamaquoddy to Passathabucky.—*Boston Herald.*

A country-wide census of the jobless will be taken, which ought to provide enough jobs so there won't be any.—*American Lumberman.*

It seems that no matter what sort of political platform is built, or who builds it, the economy plank always gets lost.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

Prof. Edward Barton has made an explosive superior to nitro-glycerin from corn. It would be a coincidence if he named it bourbon.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

Doctor Tugwell put his little daughter's dog laundry out of business before it got fairly started. It wasn't true boondoggling.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

"No man can write good songs on an empty stomach," says Rudy Vallee, who is too young to have been asked by Stephen Foster for the price of a meal.—*Detroit News.*

Herbert Hoover has become a life member of the Explorers Club. They say he loves to recall the happy old days when he was chased by an elephant.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

Shirley Temple, her press-agent says, can now ride a bicycle. That's one thing Mr. Roosevelt can point to that's been accomplished during his Administration.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Greta Garbo was interviewed the other day. It's a year of upsets. President Roosevelt accepted it as a wonderful omen. It was the first time Greta had gone Democratic.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Nearly every one is concerned about working for *Uncle Sam.* The poor are trying to get jobs with him, and the rich are trying to figure up some way to stop working for him.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

Frederick Palmer says in his book that if Landon is elected, the citizens will sleep soundly. This is probably true, because even his speeches make one feel a little drowsy.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

A man died of gunshot wounds in Chicago the other day, the only clue to his slayer being, "Santa Claus shot me." The new tax bill before Congress helps corroborate this evidence.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal.*

Out in California it is alleged a husband used black spiders and rattlesnakes to kill his wife. Which is one thing you can talk about to a Californian fanatic without his breaking in on you and shouting, "Ah, my boy, it's the climate! It's the climate!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Bill ("Moosic") McNair did so well playing the violin on Major Bowes's Amateur Hour recently that his chances for winning the Presidency some day have been greatly improved. But as the boys down at the barber shop are saying, he ain't the only American Mayor who is doing a lot of fiddling.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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AUSTRIAN TENNIS: SCHUSCHNIGG WINS

Chancellor Puts Out Vice-Chancellor; Heimwehr Resists

Wide World

Rivals for power in Austria: Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg and the Vice-Chancellor whom he ousted, Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg (right)

It was Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg's game last week in a furious match of political tennis to determine who shall be No. 1 Man of Austria.

Until then, it was a draw between him and Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg, hatchet-faced young Vice-Chancellor, who—tho he has fourteen titles and boasts that his ancestors saved Vienna from the Turks in 1688—likes to talk peasant dialect with Austria's dirt farmers.

Both men are ambitious to rule Austria; both hate Hitler; both court Mussolini's support; and both have private Armies, armed to the teeth. The Prince's *Heimwehr* (Home Guard), 150,000 strong, may be seen almost any day parading its gray-green uniforms and cock-feathered hats through the curved boulevards of Vienna.

Less flashy, but better-trained, the Chancellor's 45,000 *Sturmscharen* (Storm Battalions) recently allied themselves with some 50,000 militarized members of the *Freiheitsbund* (Liberty Society), Austria's anti-Nazi, pro-Catholic peasant league.

Challenging Move—With these new rooters in his grand-stand, the poker-faced Chancellor stepped up to the net late last month and drove a forehand smash into the Prince's court, by letting the news leak out that the *Heimwehr* would be dissolved.

"Over my dead body!" barked Starhemberg.

Score-keepers marked up: fifteen all.

A few days later, while Schuschnigg was across the Alps, in Rome, consulting with Umpire Benito Mussolini, Starhemberg dropped a surprize ball over the net.

Hastily summoning the Cabinet, he bade them issue a communiqué revealing a financial scandal which his rival had glossed over with silence. Boldly he announced that one of the country's big insurance companies had collapsed, through gross mismanagement, with a loss of $50,000,000.

Furious, the Chancellor came rushing up from the south, and ferreted out a list of political figures whose palms had been greased with insurance funds. First name was Starhemberg's, credited with a "gift" of 95,000 schillings ($18,000). All in all, the company played *Santa Claus* to the *Heimwehr* with $7,500,000.

Heimwehr sympathy among pocket-damaged Austrians slumped. Game: thirty all.

Noisy Warriors—Next, on May 10, while the *Freiheitsbund* marched through Vienna's gardened *Ring*, *Heimwehr* men lined the curb, yelling: "Down with Schuschnigg! Long live Starhemberg!"

Schuschnigg had fifty of them jailed. The Prince had them all released. Deuce.

Last week, the Chancellor went into a huddle with Wilhelm Miklas, shy little President of Austria, and Josef Reither, granite-faced leader of the Catholic peasants. Promptly, he unhooked a forehand drive into his rival's territory.

He announced that Starhemberg was out of the Cabinet, the *Heimwehr* would be disarmed, and he himself would become leader of the Fatherland Front, combined forces of all private armies.

Timekeepers gave the game to Schuschnigg.

The Prince, however, thought otherwise. "I am not licked," he cried. "In a week, the world will hear from the *Heimwehr*."

On to Rome—Then he boarded a train for Italy, hoping to muster support from Umpire Mussolini. The Umpire, however, wired "best wishes" to Champion Schuschnigg.

Heimwehr men, defiant, called meetings, pledged loyalty to their Prince, and threatened to fight rather than be dissolved or disarmed. Observers suspected that there may be another, even more furious game to the match.

"Hitherto there has been a dualism in the two determining elements of our State life," commented *Telegraf*, anti-Nazi daily of the Vienna boulevards. "With the reconstruction of the Government, a step is taken toward consolidation."

Germany, however, injected this note of skepticism from the *Westfaelische Landeszeitung*, Dortmund daily: "Paris and London frowned on Starhemberg's leanings toward Fascist Italy. Nobody knows whether the new opposition will not be stronger than the Government."

BUZZING GENEVA No Flies in Baron Aloisi's Diplomatic Ointment on Ethiopia

A lonely, but sociable, May-fly hummed speculatively about the great white League of Nations Council Chamber on the Lake of Geneva one afternoon last week, finally settled on the all but bald head of Baron Pompeo Aloisi, Mussolini's spokesman. The sour-lipped, eagle-beaked Roman patrician whacked it off with an impatient claw, rasped out irritably that he had something to say about Item 18 on the agenda—the Italo-Ethiopian dispute.

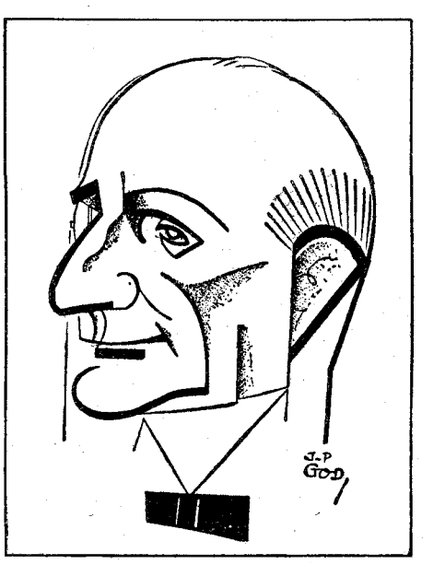
Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, fingered his handsome mustache nervously, called Belaten Geta Wolde Mariam, pathetic little bearded spokesman of Haile Selassie's conquered Empire, to the table. As Mariam lowered his slight bulk diffidently into a brocaded chair, the outraged Italian sprang from his.

"The sole sovereignty existing in Ethiopia now," he fairly shouted, "is Italy's." The Council members were to understand that for this reason he could scarcely sit "with the so-called Ethiopian delegate."

Temperamental Envoy—Whereupon Il Duce's mouthpiece stamped from the room like an operatic tenor, called for his silk hat, catapulted into his limousine, and rode around the block. Five minutes later he entered the lake-front door and joined a public meeting downstairs.

The next day Il Duce called all the Italians home. Pressed for the meaning of their departure, the Baron admitted simply: "I do not know."

An hour later his vacant chair still gaped beside the horseshoe table as the Council



Caricature by J. P. God in *Le Matin* (Paris)

Baron Pompeo Aloisi . . . took a walk

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pondered the dispute. Delegates took no action on the greatest problem in the League's history—the annihilation of one member by another. They postponed the dynamite-laden question until June 15.

Meanwhile, under a motion forced through by Eden, they will retain economic sanctions against the victor.

Back Benches—Altho small European nations supported him solidly, anti-sanctionists in Britain made life miserable for Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. Like many another politician, Winston Churchill, former First Lord of the Admiralty, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, etc., assembled a crowd of his constituents and made a speech.

"Without any special call to do so," the baldish, pugnacious descendant of Marlborough raged, "we placed ourselves at the head of fifty nations, and summoned the Dominions to our efforts. The result has been a fiasco, ludicrous if it were not tragical. . . . I am not prepared to support sanctions against Italy merely for the purpose of injuring or weakening the Italian people."

Prime Minister Baldwin found a chance to answer him at a meeting of Tory women. "You may have noted sometimes that I come in for my share of criticism. I should remind you that at this time in the spring and early summer there is hardly a dirty ditch that does not produce some midges. I am not going to be put out by any midge-bites."

Instead, Baldwin suggested that the League reform itself. By junking the "experimental" Article XVI, which authorizes sanctions, he hinted, it might lure in the United States.

Press Speculates—Meanwhile, speculation centered on the meaning of the Italians' abrupt departure. Would Il Duce leave the League? In Rome, *Giornale d'Italia* found the move "significant of the resolute detachment of Italy from the League."

Le Temps (Paris), hoped not, for "the definite withdrawal of Italy would mean that Italy would move toward Germany."

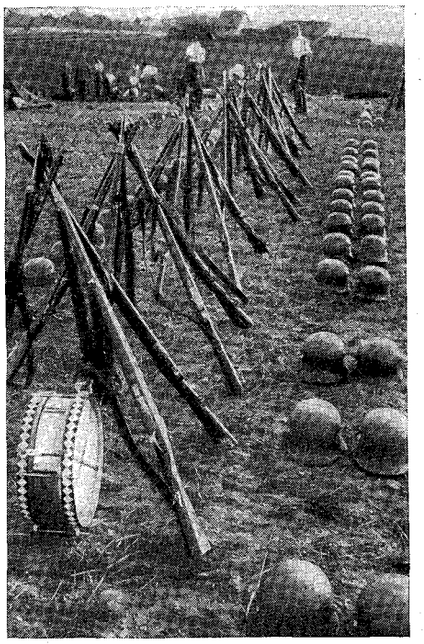
"A culminating challenge," the ultra-Tory *Morning Post* cried in London, and justified by "Geneva's impotence." But Berlin rejoiced whole-heartedly. "Since everybody gets only what is coming to him," chortled the *Lokalanzeiger*, "it is easily discernible what this League is worth to-day."

HEAVY QUERIES British Envoy Asks More Light; Hitler Taking Time Thinking Up Answers

At the desk of the gray-haired Foreign Minister, Baron Konstantin von Neurath, in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, the stout British Ambassador, Sir Eric Phipps, fixed his monocle and dropped a document.

It was a questionnaire swathed with the cotton batting of diplomatic phrases to soften the digs Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden had prepared for Chancellor Hitler.

Britain wanted to know whether Herr Hitler, who junked both the Versailles and Locarno Treaties, now felt ready to sign "genuine pacts." Would he limit the German Air Force? Did he intend to respect present boundaries of European States? If so, would he sign treaties with Latvia, Estonia and Russia, as well as his neighbors?



European

Idle arms pay no dividends

After Germany's Rhineland "invasion" threatened Europe with war, the Reich Leader sponsored a peace plan which called for a twenty-five-year non-aggression treaty with France and Belgium, under an Anglo-Italian guaranty; bilateral friendship treaties with the Reich's southeastern and northeastern neighbors; equal rights to colonies. France suggested a European super-State backed by an international police force; collective non-aggression treaties; no territorial changes for twenty-five years.

Verbal Patchwork—Britain leapt in to reconcile the irreconcilables. To provide some basis for discussion, the Cabinet argued for weeks over a series of questions. The pro-Germans wangled the gentle words; the pro-French added insinuations.

Last week, perusing the document over the week-end, Chancellor Hitler hinted that he would take four or five weeks to think up the answers Britain wanted.

But two questions Britons wanted most answered were never asked. To spare French feelings, already outraged by reports of Rhineland fortification, they did not inquire about Germany's activities there. To salve a British public determined not to part with an inch of former German territory, they evaded the colonies issue.

Marking Time—At Geneva, the Locarno Powers—Britain, France, and Belgium, in Italy's absence—speculated privately on Hitler's next step. He has built up an Army of 600,000 men, produced approximately 3,000 planes, turned out unestimated tanks and heavy artillery. German rearmament represents a tremendous investment which may have totaled $4,000,000,000 in 1935 alone. And idle arms pay no dividends.

How will Hitler get his money back?

The Reich still mourns the loss of the Free City of Danzig and Memel, Lithuania. To the southeast lies Czechoslovakia, with 3,231,688 Germans, and, beyond, coveted Russian Ukraine.

Most observers believe that Hitler will strike first at Austria, then down through the Balkans. One crowd, according to Paul Mallon, in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, thinks Hitler's initial move toward *Anschluss* will start a war:

"His air-force will not be ready before late in the summer. . . . He will certainly not fight this year if he can avoid it."

Meanwhile, the Powers play for time. Eden's questionnaire, the New York *Times* said, "is expected to keep the diplomatic ball rolling for some time." The London *Times* found it "directed to secure information, not to score debating points."

HALF-MILLION LEAK J. H. Thomas Under Inquiry in British Budget Scandal

On Budget Day, Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, posed for photographers at 11 Downing Street with a famous red dispatch-case in his hands.

"This little battered old box," he said proudly, "has held all the secrets of the budget right back to the time of Gladstone. It has never yet let any of its secrets out."

Even while he spoke, unprecedented demands for insurance against a rise in the income tax and tea duties were jacking Lloyd's rates up to 40 per cent. When Mr. Chamberlain revealed his secrets—increases—the gamblers won $500,000. Underwriters howled, and the public took up the cry of a leakage. If there was none, the London *Daily Herald* exclaimed, the winners "would seem to be clairvoyants."

Only the Cabinet and a few civil service men who grew up in that honorable service could have known the Chancellor's plans. The malodorous scandal further undermined confidence in the Government already so rent by internal conflicts that, according to *The Week*, "when one member pats another on the back, no one knows whether he is congratulating him or just feeling for a place to put the knife."

Rumors racing through London pointed at J. H. Thomas, Colonial Secretary and one of the romantic figures in the rise of British labor. Last week, an investigation was held before a tribunal headed by Sir Samuel Porter, who had

Acme

J. H. Thomas: First rumors, then clamors

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the reputation of making longer speeches than any other member of the bar.

In the oak-paneled court-room lined with calfskin law-books, Leslie Thomas, the Colonial Secretary's thirty-one-year-old son, appeared as the first witness. The black-mustached broker was pale and nervous.

He admitted that after a golf game with his father and their old friend Alfred Bates, racing-sheet publisher, he placed $20,000 budget insurance for the publisher. It developed that Bates had given J. H. a $75,000-house—part payment on $100,000 promised for his old friend's unwritten autobiography.

His gray mustache quivering, the Minister took the stand, very subdued in contrast with his usual ebullience. An avalanche of anonymous letters, he revealed, had urged him to resign, but a friend had dissuaded him with: "For God's sake, Jim, don't! All manner of construction would be placed upon it."

Vehement Denial—Thomas swore repeatedly that he had not talked. "I have heard nine budget statements, which is very nearly a record, and this is the first time I have even heard any question of leakage," he protested, adjusting his spectacles. "I have never disclosed any word to anybody."

But the $75,000 advance looked bad to the judges on the high bench. "It is a somewhat unbusinesslike transaction," one said coldly. Thomas, who is supposedly well off, promised to produce his financial records for the tribunal.

After he left the stand a witness swore that Edmund Waterton, one of the lucky gamblers, had correctly foretold the income tax would rise threepence, instead of the usual sixpence. Waterton had his information from "a very great friend who was a very great friend of some one else." "Who else?" snapped Justice Porter. "Mr. J. H. Thomas," said the witness.

Altho the British press did not comment pending the Court's findings, the public clamored for Thomas's job.

POLAND REMEMBERS It Inters Liberator's Heart at Mother's Grave

Ignaz Moscicki, Poland's white-haired President, swung his tall, thin frame wearily at the head of a procession of battle-scarred War veterans who serpentined through the outskirts of Vilna one day last week.

Sad-eyed, heavy with the cares of office, he halted at a lonely, wayside cemetery. As the veterans gathered around him, he took from one of them an urn which he placed in a small grave.

The urn contained the heart of Marshal Josef Pilsudski, liberator and first President of Poland, who had died a year before to the day, and it was buried beside the ashes of his mother outside the warrior's native city.

Right-Hand Man—In performing this solemn deed Moscicki realized that a turning point had been reached in Poland's history. Nicknamed "Ignaz the Obedient" by the swashbuckling Marshal, an inventor of 200 devices who would prefer following his scientific bent, he had presided over

Keystone

President Moscicki of Poland . . . faces a turning point in his country's history

the nation as Pilsudski's front for ten years, naming his own Cabinets and controlling Parliament.

While Pilsudski lived, tax-burdened Poles resigned themselves to Moscicki's decrees, altho peasants clamored for food. After Pilsudski's death, to silence six million undernourished, restless peasants and laborers, he named baldish, moon-faced Marjan Zyndram-Koscialkowski his Premier.

Hoping to stem the outflow of Polish capital, they passed decrees banning inflation, licensing imports, and controlling money exchanges. Crippled, business slackened and prices tumbled, throwing more thousands out of work.

Battling Partizans—Reds saw their chance and instigated malcontents to overthrow the Government. Socialists drifted to Communist ranks and staged riots, centering mostly about Lwow, great industrial city in Galicia. Alarmed, President Moscicki ordered the police and the Army to "pacify" agitators by herding them into concentration-camps of Bereza Kartuska.

Faced with a red menace, he now tries vainly to maintain his Government, which has banned all political parties. But discontented Poles are secretly splitting into two political camps: the National Party, with pro-Nazi, anti-Semitic, conservative leanings; and a rising United Front, made up of Socialists and Communists, howling for economic relief.

Harassed at home, President Moscicki hopes, through his velvet-eyed, long-legged Foreign Minister, Col. Josef Beck, to keep an even balance between Communist Russia and Nazi Germany.

Bound by a ten-year nonaggression Treaty to the latter country, he finds it equally hard to stem the resentment of his strongly pro-French, anti-Nazi Army, badly in need of modernization.

Last week President Moscicki acted fast. To gag Poland's Nazi-minded German minority, he had his Ministry of the Interior prohibit display of the Swastika and Nazi uniforms of the Young Germans' League.

"The burial of Pilsudski's heart," comments the New York *Daily Worker*, Communist newspaper, "will not serve to slacken the growing rift between the ruling strata, nor distract the discontented workers."

Writing in *Nowy Swiat*, New York Independent Polish-language daily, Peter P. Yolles finds that "Poland, at the first anniversary of Pilsudski's death . . . is firmly determined, fully conscious of its duties, inspired by his teachings and commands, unified and hopeful."

CRISIS IN CHILE Fascist Militia Called to Mobilize Around Alessandri

Chilean clerks, taxi drivers, farm-hands, nitrate miners last week dug uniforms of blue denim and rakish kepis out of moth balls, trooped to government arsenals, where they got arms and ammunition.

They were members of the Republican Militia which Gen. Carlos Ibanez, the military dictator, created nearly four years ago. Before he finally fled the country, they grew to 50,000 strong, with air-planes, communication systems, and hospital units—all of the men blindly pledged to obey their commanders.

Gradually disbanded by President Arturo Alessandri's current Constitutional Government, the militiamen got their call to remobilize from Gen. Julio Schwarzenberg. Opposition chiefs promptly saw a coup to support the formation of a Right-wing group of parties behind Alessandri's régime.

During the last four years of this, his second Presidential term, the chunky, blue-eyed President of Chile has striven hard to foil the Radical opposition that threatens his power.

Warning Vote—Early last week he saw a danger sign. In southern Cautin Province Dr. Cristobal Saenz, Radical candidate, won a senatorial election over the Democratic and Liberal coalition—Alessandri's political back-bone.

Alessandri's critics base their fears of a fascist dictatorship on the action of Col. Rafael Franco, Provisional President of landlocked Paraguay, who last March declared himself dictator.

While Colonel Franco's Administration is the only openly fascist régime in South America, it is believed that Chile's threatened dictatorship would be of the variety now exercised by several other States. Brazil, Ecuador, the Argentine, and Venezuela have or have had dictatorships.

In Brazil, small, pale President Getulio Vargas seized power in 1930, dissolved Congress and created a new Constitution under which he rules with the aid of a "brain trust."

The Argentine's gray-haired President, Augustin Justo, governed with an iron hand with the aid of the Army until last April. At that time the Radical Party got control of Congress.

Ruling Ecuador is Federico Paez, forty-two, a civil engineer. Proclaiming himself an Independent Socialist, he is in reality a military dictator.

The latest iron man of South America

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is Gen. Eleazar Lopez Contreras of Venezuela. He was Minister of War under the famed Gen. Juan Vicente Gomez, who was Venezuela's dictator for twenty-seven years. When Gomez died last winter General Contreras took over power, suppressing uprisings Left and Right.

The Venezuelan Congress, composed mainly of Gomez henchmen, elected General Contreras to the Presidency last April 25. The Opposition immediately shouted treachery, charging that the General, not the choice of the people, was really a military dictator.

Of Paraguay's dictatorship, the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* says:

"Franco intends to force the nation of 850,000 inhabitants into a Fascist mold. His idea is to organize a 'new Paraguay' . . . freed from the endemic evils of sectarian and industrial demagogy. How like Hitler's words before he went into power!"

PHENIX-LIKE REDS Their Chinese Army "Routed" Again in Repeated Eradication Drives

Barefoot peasants in Shansi, fertile Chinese Province 700 miles up the silt-stained Yellow River, rushed in panic from their huts last week, and pointed overhead to a flock of giant silver birds, zooming ominously toward the mountains.

Suddenly, a cluster of pellets detached themselves and slithered through the air. A moment later the earth was wrenched with explosions.

Far down the valley, an army of Red Chinese partizans, headed for the Great Wall, hastily struck camp and darted back across the river.

Nanking, seat of China's strife-torn Central Government, broadcast the news that, at last, the "Red bandits" had been routed. Mao Tse-tung, brooding-faced Red General, and President of the Chinese Soviet Republic, was reported to have lost 1,000 of his 7,000 men, and to be trekking southward toward his mountain stronghold in famine-ridden Szechuan.

Here, Chiang Kai-shek, laconic Nanking Generalissimo, hopes to sew him up in a cordon of steel and starve his primitive Army into submission.

Futile Suppressions—Should he succeed, foreign Powers will be surprized. Five previous Red-eradication campaigns have been waged by China since 1927, only to have the ragged peasant forces pop up in another Province the following spring.

Communism entrenched itself in China soon after the World War, when leaders of the Third International, triumphant in Moscow, extended a helping hand to intellectuals and students in Chinese universities. Under Dr. Sun Yat Sen, sainted "Father of the Chinese Republic," an "unholy matrimony" was set up between the Kuomintang—the Chinese Nationalist Party—and the Soviet Union.

Thus openly fostered, Communism flourished in China like the green bay tree. By 1925, with Chinese students flocking to Leninist colleges at Moscow, and Michael Borodin, unofficial Soviet envoy, steering Sun Yat Sen's policies, the Communist Party rolled up a membership of 92,000 Chinese, besides influence over 2,800,000 trade-unionists and 9,700,000 unionized peasants.

Pictures, Inc.

A Government plane finds its mark—an army of Red Chinese partizans

After the death of Sun Yat Sen, Chiang Kai-shek, once his disciple, kicked over the traces of Moscow. Establishing a Central Government in Nanking with the aid of foreign Powers, he banned Communism by edict from the universities, crushed the labor unions, wiped out the peasant societies by what the Foreign Policy Association called "a series of frightful massacres," and drove the entire Red movement into conspiratorial cellars.

Only in the ravines of Kiangsi, 300 miles over mountain ranges from Shanghai, did the Reds maintain a foothold. Campaign after campaign to dislodge them failed. Swift in movement, abetted by friendly natives, they played a merry game of hide-and-seek with the better-equipped but demoralized Nanking troops.

Expanding Drives—Gradually they filtered, in a great sweeping horseshoe, down to the Indo-Chinese border on the south and up into Szechuan, where they dug in. Since 1934, bent on carving a Soviet Republic in the craggy heart of China, they have mushroomed up into Hupeh, Honan, Shensi, and Shansi Provinces.

Last spring, they embraced fully a third of China proper, an area twice as big as Texas, with a population of 90,000,000.

Until the bombing planes blasted them out, they had come within forty miles of Taiyuan, rich river-port Capital of Shansi. Less than two hundred miles away, over easy terrain, they would have come face to face with the Kwantung Army, Japan's aggressive patrol in the newly-formed puppet State of Autonomous East Hopei.

Shrouded in secrecy, life in the Red Army was a mystery until Agnes Smedley, an American girl, penetrated the lines two years ago and wrote a book, "The Red Army Marches." More recently, Norman Hanwell, another American, entered the area they had just evacuated. Writing in *Asia*, he reports that the Reds are composed 60 per cent. of peasants, 10 per cent. of workers, and 30 per cent. of deserters from the ranks of the Regulars. So many of their weapons are likewise captured from the Regulars, that they call the Nanking forces "our ammunition-carriers." Those devoid of rifles, carry knives, antique "big swords," spears, or discarded carbines.

Recruited mainly from land-bereft farmers, the Red soldiers are trained in shooting, rapid marching, and mountain-climbing with the aid of iron hooks and ropes. "Fleet as the wind," the natives call them, so swift are they in scaling the precipitous crags of central China.

To time their lightning raids and retreats, they have developed a marvelously sensitive primitive spy system. By grapevine, from one friendly peasant hut to another, travels the whispered news of each new Government maneuver.

Corps of wood-workers, earth-workers, and stone-workers accompany the Partizans, scooping out a net of almost indestructible trenches from mountain to mountain. Attacks take place at night, when the Regulars are sunk in opium-steeped sleep.

Warfare is sometimes halted in mid-battle, as the Communists shout: "*Lao Hsiang* (Old Fellow), if you will give us cigarettes and salt, we will trade our opium with you." Tabu among the Reds, opium is thus used to procure food and undermine morale amongst the Regulars.

Upon capturing a town, the Reds promptly drive out the existing Government. "Landlords, usurers, and rich merchants are 'liquidated,'" reports *The New Statesman and Nation*, London weekly with Laborite leanings. "Then, as in Kiangsi, the land is divided, but not nationalized. The agricultural workers receive the good land, the rich farmers the bad.

"Economic change is made permanent by the establishment of village and provincial soviets.

This explains why certain sections of the Chinese people have supported the Reds and have enabled them to slip out of the

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Pompeo Aloisi — Italy's delegate at Geneva (p. 12)—just *pom-pay'o ah-lo-ee'zee.*

Castagna—mezzo-soprano (p. 25)—Americanized to *kas-tan'ya.*

Cuchulain—mythical Irish hero (p. 38)—the dictionary says, *koo-choo'lin* (*ch* as in *loch*).

Di Maggio — sensational Yankee fielder—Americanized to rime with "See Maggie, Oh!" *dee mag'-gie-o.*

Ibn Saud—Arabian monarch (p. 17)—*Ibn* rimes with *ribbon,* then *sah-ood'.*

Mao Tse-Tung—Chinese Communist (p. 15)—rimes with *cow she hung: mow tsee-dung.*

Paul-Boncour — French delegate at Geneva (p. 12)—don't forget French *n,* nor sound the *r: pawl"-bon"kur'.*

Tailti—mythical Irish queen (p. 38)—call her *thal'ty.*

Tokatyan—Metropolitan tenor (p. 25)—the three words, *toe, cot, yon: toe-cot'yon.*

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noose laid by five successive military campaigns.

"It is true that the Communist bandits, as the Kuomintang cleverly classifies the Red Army, are open to charges of killing, looting, and kidnaping," concludes *The New Statesman and Nation*, "but this has been done with discrimination and for a purpose. The discrimination is between various classes in the village, and the purpose is the sovietization of China."

Whether this can ever be achieved is doubted by most Western observers. Some believe, according to the Foreign Policy Association, that "China is ripe for change, its masses hungry and distressed, its intellectuals disillusioned, its youth humiliated." The majority, however, are "inclined to minimize its significance [Communism in China], contending that it represents little more than a desperate peasant revolt against unbearable conditions."

RUSSIAN CULTURE Women Tell Workers to Brush Teeth, Clean Up Factories

"Every kitchen-maid must learn to rule the State," thundered Nikolai Lenin, originator of Bolshevism, to 170,000,000 Russians who, in 1917, ousted their Czar and set up a Union of Soviet Republics.

Last week, under the spiked turrets of Moscow's Kremlin, where once Ivan the Terrible sat in state, 3,000 delegates to the first All-Union Conference of Engineers' Wives met to determine how many, in the years elapsed since Lenin's edict, had learned what he demanded.

Moscow newspapers hailed the conference as "the third phase in the Soviet program of liberating women."

During the first phase, in the early years of the First Five-Year Plan (1928-1933), the Russian housewife worked in a factory while her children were cared for in the community day-nursery.

Once the desperate race for food and raw materials was over, however, the Bolsheviks launched into an energetic home-making campaign. During this second phase, sex promiscuity was frowned on, the easy divorce system was tightened up, and husbands were made equally responsible for care of the children and the sanctity of the home.

Now, in the third phase, women are urged to have both homes and careers. "Carve a career for yourself in whatever field you wish," wrote Milly Bennett from Moscow to the New York *Times*. "And rear a family, too."

Having pelted Joseph Stalin, Russia's "man of steel," with roses, and listened respectfully to Lenin's plain-faced little widow, Nadezhda Krupskaya, the engineers' wives decided that what 3,000,000 Russian working women now need most is "culture."

"Culture" will include cleaning up factories, landscaping factory grounds, teaching women workers to can fruits, sew, read, raise truck gardens and poultry. Music and drama will follow.

"We have taken supervision of the workers' dormitories and barracks," reported a group of women from the Urals. "We won't let any one enter with dirty boots and we are going to exterminate the vermin.

Tooth-Brush Age—"We are teaching the workers to dress neatly, to wash before meals, and to brush their teeth. Many workers from the villages do not know what a tooth-brush looks like."

Boastfully, they reeled off figures on the achievements of their sex in Russia's vast polyglot domain:

Women comprise 42 per cent. of all workers in the Soviet Union; 36 per cent. of students in higher technical schools, and 75 per cent. of medical students.

In a country where, during Czarist days, 80 per cent. were illiterate, now only 8 to 10 per cent. are.

One million women hold some form of public office. Another 100,000 are on the managing boards of industrial or agricultural cooperatives, and 112,000 are "co-judges," a cross between a judge and a juror.

One out of every ten key positions in industry is held by women.

Eight out of every hundred villages, where formerly, according to Czarist maxim, *muzhiks* (peasants) had but two pleasures: getting drunk and beating their wives —now have women Presidents.

Among outstanding Soviet women, the conference cited:

Galina Medovnik, who superintends the building of apartment-houses for Moscow workers, after having fought as a Red soldier in the civil wars.

Katya Kofanova, who has the best record of all twenty-seven women street-car conductors in the city of Kalinin.

Irene Rousinova, first woman arctic explorer, who spent several winters in the frozen wastes of Siberia.

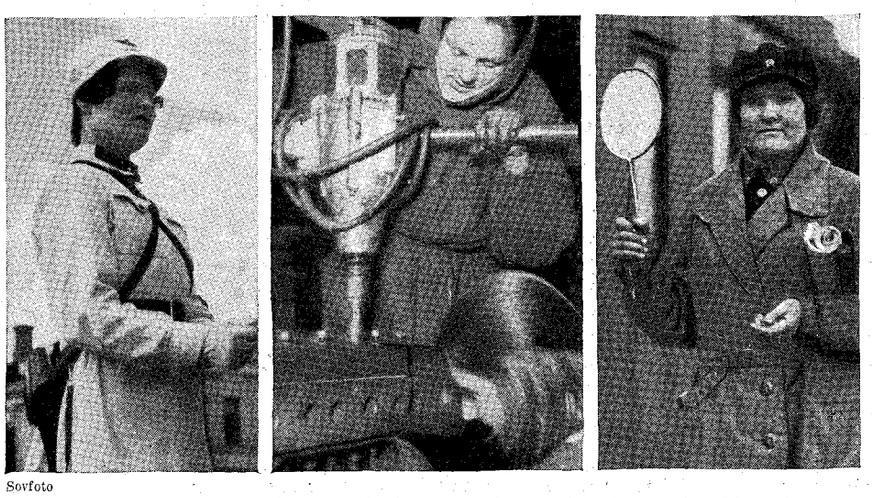
Capt. Anna Shelenina, only woman steamship captain, who sailed the Soviet ship *Chevicha* on a fifty-eight-day cruise from Odessa, on the Black Sea, clear around Asia to Petropavlovsk Harbor in the North Pacific.

Engine-Driver—Zinaida Troitskaya, who, at twenty-three, sits at the throttle of Engine Z-104, one of the country's most powerful locomotives.

Iakoeleza V. Kameneva, People's Commissar of Finance, sole woman member of the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party.

Alexandra Kollontay, Soviet Ambassador to Sweden.

Crowed *Pravda* proudly: "The politically backward housewife of yesterday now ascends the national platform of the Kremlin as an active fighter, and declares that henceforth she feels herself master of the whole country."



Sovfoto

Soviet women enter their "third phase," combining their home life with such careers as directing traffic, working in factories, and assisting in railroad stations

SWORD OF ALLAH Ibn Saud, Carver of Kingdom, Wins England's Friendship

A self-made man is Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, ruler of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, and hope of Pan-Arab leaders throughout the Near East.

From the Red Sea on the west to the Persian Gulf on the east, from the Arabian Sea northward to the War-born States of Transjordan and Iraq, he rules his kingdom as the lord of life and death. (See map.)

With the Koran, Islam's holy book, in one hand and a sword in the other, Ibn Saud carved out a kingdom for himself in two decades, taught the wild Bedouins to respect his law, and, his eye upon the quondam empire of the Ottomans, proceeded to make himself a shining example of Arabian virtues throughout the Moslem world. Last week he stroked his sparse beard with approval, thanking Allah at the news that Egypt's newly established Nationalist Cabinet had finally signed a treaty of friendship with his envoy in Cairo.

Outside Arabia, Ibn Saud is known to 209 million Moslems as the Guardian of Mekka, the holy city, which forms part of his Kingdom of Hejaz on the Red Sea. South of Medina lies Mekka, where the Prophet Mohammed is buried.

Yearly 100,000 devout Moslems travel by caravan and by sea to perform the *hajj* (pilgrimage) to Mekka, returning home with wondrous tales of Ibn Saud's rapid rise to the leadership of Islam.

A handsome, black-eyed giant, six feet four inches tall, he is the only Arab ruler with an independent Kingdom.

Immediately north of his Kingdom lie the Arab States of Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Transjordan and Egypt, whose Nationalists ceaselessly clamor for freedom from their European overlords, especially England.

Nevertheless, he shrewdly befriends England, whose vital interests in the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf overlap his own. Meanwhile, he keeps silent about his great dream of a Pan-Arab Union, closely watch-

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ing the Nationalist risings in mandated States.

For, in spite of her selfish policies, he needs England now as he needed her during the War. In 1915, when England's armies attacked Turkey on two fronts, he quickly came to terms with her political agents. With British pounds he equipped his doughty Bedouins and crushed Turkey's ally, Ibn Rashid, a powerful Arab chieftain. With one stroke he had gained British friendship and wiped out his feudal rival, who had sent his father into exile, a defeated Emir.

His victory made his name a legend among desert dwellers. A few years before they had marveled at his youthful exploit when, from his exile in Kuweit, he had regained his father's capital from this same Ibn Rashid with the help of forty soldiers.

With Turkey defeated, Ibn Saud used England's yearly subsidy in consolidating his Emirate of Nejd, in Central Arabia, making Riyadh his capital. In gratitude, his subjects proclaimed him King.

The backbone of his power, then as now, comes from his Wahabi warriors. About two hundred years ago his ancestors had accepted the Wahabi doctrine of condemning all Moslem theology for a strict interpretation of the Koran and pledging themselves to destroy the shrines of saints.

Code of Virtue—Puritans, the Wahabis live a simple life and consider tobacco smoking, jewelry, ornaments, music, and shaving as hateful infidel practises.

A devout Wahabi, Ibn Saud hated the hot-headed, wiry graybeard who lorded it over the Hejaz as the Sherif Hussein of Mecca, under Turkish suzerainty. Hussein and his son, Faisal, had revolted against the Turks. Under the legendary T. E. Lawrence, they organized a guerrilla warfare against the Turkish Army, materially aiding Britain's victory.

Unwisely, Hussein alienated British sympathy after the War when he insisted that London keep its pledge of creating an Arab Empire with himself as its Calif. London angrily withdrew her subsidy and her warships from Jedda, Hussein's seaport.

Invading Horde—Ibn Saud saw his chance and moved his Wahabi warriors across the borders of Hejaz, which he captured. In 1926 he had himself proclaimed its King.

Meanwhile, to maintain the balance of power in the Near East, Britain had enthroned Hussein's son, Faisal, in Iraq; his other son, Abdullah, was made King of Transjordan, on the border of Palestine, which became a mandate under Britain. Syria went to the French, also as a mandate.

Ibn Saud gnashed his teeth with anger, for crafty England had hedged him into the desert by placing the sons of his enemy at the head of buffer States.

Bridegroom—Swallowing his pride, he turned to setting his house in order. First he subdued the tribes which had revolted in his absence. Unruly sheiks he punished ruthlessly, while those he needed he pacified by marrying their daughters.

By last year he had married 153 wives, retaining only the favorite foursome allowed by the Koran, in his huge but plain *adobe* palace at Riyadh.

Next, he modernized his army, adding American automobiles, telephones, wireless stations, tanks, and a fleet of air-planes.

To his chagrin, his fanatical Wahabi *mullahs* (preachers) started a whispering campaign against his modernism. They denounced telephones as the work of the devil.

© Lechenperg. From Black Star

Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud thanked Allah

Almost dreading their fanaticism, which he needs to bolster the zeal of his warriors, he thought hard. Tactfully, he had one of them read a chapter of the Koran from a telephone station at Mecca, while the others listened in at Riyadh.

"If the telephone is the work of the devil," he flashed at them, "how could it carry the word of Allah?"

They bowed their heads in shame and let him go on conquering.

Two years later, his precaution proved handy. Yemen, a fertile and rich country, was ruled by the Imam Yahya, a turbaned, hard-headed religious potentate who suspected all foreigners.

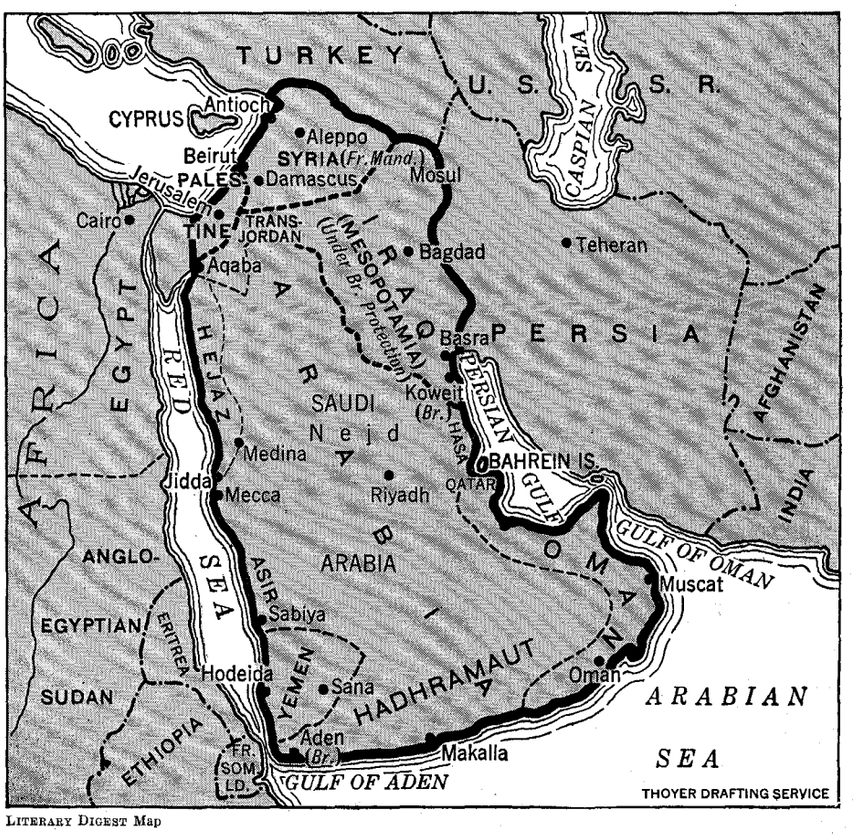
Yahya was jealous of Ibn Saud's rising prestige among Moslems. A boundary dispute quickly developed into a war. Ibn Saud moved his tanks and air-planes over Yemen, occupied its seaport, Hodeida, and threatened its walled capital, Sanaa. Defeated, Yahya hastily yielded and signed a peace agreement, virtually making him Ibn Saud's vassal.

Markets Developed—His dreams of unifying Arabia almost realized, the latter turned to exploiting his country's skimpy resources. Chief among Arabia's few exports are pedigreed horses from Nejd for the Bombay and London race-tracks; while the divers of Bahrein yearly drag the waters of the Persian Gulf for pearls.

Knowing that wars are fought with oil, Ibn Saud, three years ago, granted the Standard Oil Company of California oil concessions covering 165,000 square miles in Hasa, on the mainland of the Persian Gulf. Already wells have been drilled, which yielded 1,250,000 barrels of oil last year alone, while a refinery is being built at Bahrein.

"The most engrossing personality among Arab rulers," says Lemuel F. Parton, in the New York *Sun*, "he is the rallying point for Pan-Islam, and that, at the moment, happens to be the focus of deep and devious world forces."

"To-day Pan-Islamism has gone into comparative discredit," writes H. L. Katibah in the New York *Times*, "while Pan-Arabism is waxing strong. . . . The outlook for Pan-Arabism seems promising, despite all political handicaps."



LITERARY DIGEST Map

Near Eastern countries approach the ideal of the Pan-Arab movement

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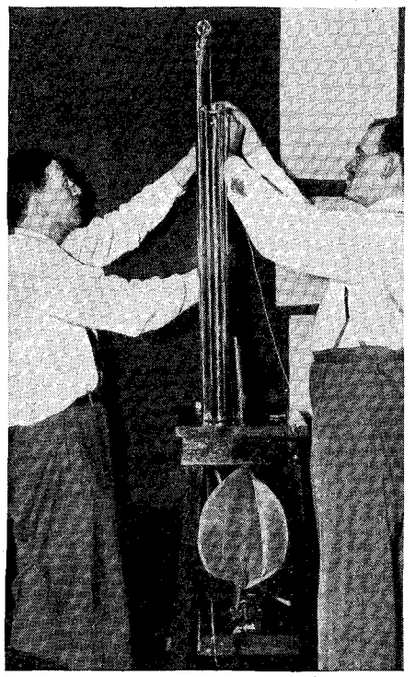
MEDICAL PARADOXES CHEER DOCTORS

A.M.A. Convention Hears Reports on Scientific Progress



Pictures, Inc.

Dr. Alvan L. Barach (left) explains his "artificial" air "lung" to G. B. Moynahan

Ambulance doctors who go clanging through the streets to succor would-be suicides face their work with greater satisfaction than their predecessors did a generation or so ago.

In those days, taking carbolic acid or breathing poisonous illuminating gas were the all-too-common methods of shuffling off the mortal coil. The young doctors, bouncing upon the scene with little black satchels, applied their antidotes tremulously, feeling pretty certain what the after-effects of the toxics would be.

But the method in suicides has changed along with almost everything else. To-day, the ambulance men will likely as not find their patients prostrated from an overdose of sleeping powders.

Doctors know good, quick-working antidotes for sleeping powders, which usually are drugs of the barbiturate group.

Doctor Rejoices—Last week, addressing the convention of the American Medical Association in Kansas City, Dr. Soma Weiss, of the far-famed Harvard Medical School, said that as long as people try suicide this change in method is all for the better. The doctors got a break, the repentant victims got even a bigger one. Everybody was happy.

Doctor Weiss's observations were made in one of the 1,000 papers read before 10,000 physicians at the Association's eighty-seventh annual Congress. The readings took place in Kansas City's new $6,000,000 Municipal Auditorium.

Scheduled to preside over the germ-chasing medical phalanx was Dr. James Tate Mason, stocky surgeon of Seattle. He had been elected at last year's convention. Six weeks ago a blood-clot necessitated amputation of Doctor Mason's left leg. Critically ill, he listened in on the radio in a Seattle hospital while his associates inducted him as President, read his presidential address, in which Doctor Mason prophetically told of saving limbs through surgery to correct circulatory disorders.

Starting on this tragic note, the convention sped one speaker after another to the rostrum. Dr. Edgar A. Kahn, of the University of Michigan Hospital, revealed a new, two-phase operation for brain tumor. Hitherto inaccessible growths are reached by removing part of the bone over the infected area, packing the space with iodoform gauze. Within a few days pressure from the brain forces the tumor to the surface, where it can be easily removed.

That sufferers from sinus trouble may be carriers of influenza and colds was the opinion of Dr. Edward C. Sewall, of San Francisco, and Dr. Marvin M. Cullom, of Nashville, Tennessee.

Cancer of the lip, on the increase, is curable if treatment is begun early, reported Dr. Udo J. Wile, Professor of Diseases of the Skin at the University of Michigan, and his associate, Dr. Eugene A. Hand. They said that more than 90 per cent. of cancers they studied were on the lower lip, many caused, in their opinion, by smoking, especially from a pipe.

Further Triumph—"Artificial fever," which has been used successfully to treat syphilis, gonorrhea, and other stubborn, chronic diseases, also relieves St. Vitus's dance in children. This was revealed by Dr. Clarence A. Neymann, Dr. Maurice L. Blatt, and Dr. S. L. Osborne, all of Chicago. Doctor Neymann discovered its value accidentally in August, 1934. Twenty-five sufferers have responded successfully to treatment in the last eighteen months. Fevers as high as 103 to 105, given twice weekly for eight-hour periods, cured all but two children.

Old-fashioned school physiology books used to say alcohol causes cirrhosis of the liver, or "hobnail liver." Dr. Russell S. Boles and Dr. Jefferson Clark, of Philadelphia, told the convention that a study of 4,000 cases convinced them that alcohol had nothing to do with it. Only a third of these cases had been alcohol addicts, they stated. Moreover, of 228 alcoholics examined, only 24 per cent. had "hobnail liver."

Dr. James Alexander Miller, of New York, spoke on tuberculosis. Newly-acquired "racial immunity" he credited for much of the diminishing frequency of the disease, explaining that races develop resistance, just as individuals do.

Two other New York physicians, Dr. Nelson W. Cornell and Dr. Alice R. Bernheim, reported they had just discovered that healing of bone fractures sometimes might be hastened by increasing the supply of hydrochloric acid in the stomach.

New Offenders—To the already long list of things that can cause seasonal hay-fever and asthma, Dr. Samuel M. Feinberg, of the Northwestern University School of Medicine, Chicago, announced he had added molds or fungi. Several cases of hay-fever he had studied failed to respond to tests for pollen, but gave violent reactions to fungi spores floating in the air.

Dr. Oren C. Durham, of the Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois, disclosed next to the assembled doctors that he had been carrying on an interesting experiment to combat the pesky hay-fever. With the aid of the United States Weather Bureau, he said he has been measuring pollen in the air. Object: to find havens for sufferers. One hundred places were measured, with these results:

Using the scale in which Buffalo, New York, was 100, the highest "sneeze indexes" were: Indianapolis, 124; Peoria, 113; St. Louis, 93; Omaha, 87; Kansas City, 85; Louisville, 84; Iowa City, Iowa, and Flint, Michigan, 83; Minneapolis, 80; New York, 30; Chicago, 74; Cleveland, 68; Detroit, 67, and Boston, 15.

Sacramento; Miami; Reno; Portland, Oregon; Seattle; Spokane; Prince Albert, Saskatchewan; and Mexico City, having zero indexes, were therefore "sneeze-free," Doctor Durham reported.

Salvaged Remedy—On the same subject of asthma, Dr. Alvan L. Barach, of New York, declared he had found a way to make his helium treatments, announced a year ago, cheaper. This was done by saving the helium, used with oxygen in providing "artificial" air, so that it could be rebreathed.

The United States Department of Agriculture's contribution was an exhibit of insects that either cause or heal disease. Star performer was the maggot, unsung hero of the World War, healing wounds so stubborn they defied medical practise. His secret: secretion of allantoin, which is almost magical in its therapeutical qualities. Science now prepares allantoin synthetically.

Far-Flung Interest—As at every convention, distinguished visitors from abroad were plentiful. Among them were Dr. Afranio do Amaral, of Brazil, world-famous expert on snake poisons, and Lord Horder, physician to King Edward VIII of England.

Lord Horder, explosive, irrepressible, announced to reporters at the convention threshold that the falling birth rate was one of the major problems of the "western nations."

"One factor," he pointed out, "is the

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Lord Horder—thinks women are much too tender-minded

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tender-mindedness of many women who shrink from facing the work which is woman's chief function. They refused to bear children, either because of psychological aversion to risk and pain or from thinly disguised selfishness."

What he had to say was soon after projected against a revealing address by Dr. Gertrude Nielson, of Oklahoma City, who declared that as yet no childbirth anesthetic perfectly safe for mother and child had been discovered.

"In my observation no woman—whether intelligent or unintelligent, modern or old-fashioned—wants the birth of her baby to be a blank in her memory," Doctor Nielson said. "Certainly, none will wish to be relieved of pain at the risk of harm to her baby."

LONGEVITY SECRETS New Tests Under Way to Ascertain Proper Diet

Faust is only a character of fiction, but in many a park last week sat an old man with graying hair and drooped shoulders dreaming the dream of renewed youth.

Science had a number of explanations for his physical state, all highly technical, all baffling. He simply knew he was old, beyond repair.

To find the elixir of eternal life, bearded alchemists of old endlessly mixed bizarre concoctions at their smoky forges; and when this grew exhausting, they turned their hands at achieving the goal by seeking to contrive the fabled miracle-working philosopher's stone.

More hearty spirits, like Ponce de Leon, stalked the precious cup of youth on distant, sandy wastes, only to die, old, broken.

This search is kept alive to-day to a great extent by the young biochemist, who is primarily responsible for the whole new body of dietetic knowledge built up in the last few years. Not a pot of simmering metals, or a divining rod, but a white rat is the basis of his experimentation.

Experimenting Leaders—Three such men are Dr. Leonard Amby Maynard, Dr. Clive Maine McCay and Dr. Sydney Arthur Asdell of Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York. Five years ago they began feeding rats food which kept them from growing too fast in their youth, gave them life equivalent to more than 130 human years.

Convinced that this proves the animal life-span can be increased, the three experimenters began last week the most ambitious study of old age and its causes ever undertaken. To allow them to see whether life can be lengthened by proper diet, and, if so, what kind of diet will achieve the best results, the Rockefeller Foundation has given them a fund of $42,500.

Seven hundred years ago Roger Bacon, the great English scientist, suggested such experiments.

Line of Tests—Rats were chosen because they eat and thrive on the same things human beings consume, and their lives are shorter. The white male rat passes through as much of its life-span every ten days as a man does in a year.

Hence, where the biochemist could make only one test on humans in a lifetime, he might expect in the same period to watch as many as fifteen generations of rats go from infancy to old age and ultimate death.

Wide World

Dr. Henry C. Sherman, Professor of Chemistry, gave his 1,000 rats a "poor man's" diet

With the use of such rodents Doctors Maynard, McCay, and Asdell hope in the next six years to sweep away much of the mystery surrounding old age. They hope also to answer many questions that doctors have long been dogmatic about, but which never have been settled experimentally.

One is exercise, which Doctor Maynard, forty-eight, head of Cornell's Department of Animal Nutrition, holds is intimately related to the question of calory intake. Grappling for the modern elixir of life last week, he asked: "What degree of exercise after middle life will best promote physical well-being without subjecting the progressively less elastic tissues to undue strain? Is any exercise desirable except to burn up unneeded calories? Should the stress be placed on diet or upon exercise to avoid overweight after middle life? Does exercise speed up or retard senile changes?"

Lessons Learned—Along with Doctors McCay, thirty-seven, and Asdell, thirty-eight, English-born and educated, he believes that the way to live long is to live frugally.

"Let us assume you have decided to learn whether you will live longer if you eat bread and milk all your life or whether bread, milk, and beefsteak will keep you alive longer," Doctor McCay said last week, in illustration of the Cornell experiments. "You take a hundred rats of about the same age, give each a separate cage, and divide them into two groups of fifty each.

"One group you feed bread and milk; another you feed bread, milk, and beefsteak, Each day you study your animals. Finally, you watch them pass from life to death. Long before death you will probably observe that one group becomes old quicker than the other."

Producing results contradictory to theirs is Dr. Henry Clapp Sherman, probably the most celebrated experimenter with rats in biochemistry. Doctor Sherman, a short, bald man of sixty, often experimenting upon himself, Professor of Chemistry at Columbia University, has been carrying on this work for years. In his laboratories he always keeps from 1,000 to 1,500 live rats.

Doctor Sherman uses a simple, inexpensive diet, whose results proved at once that life can be lengthened and the active, productive period prolonged. The diet produced a rapid growth throughout life. Rats that grew fastest also lived longest, had a much longer active, productive period.

Conclusions Likely—Nevertheless while the scientists last week were not ready to make recommendations yet about human diets, Doctor Sherman felt that the Cornell and Columbia theories soon would be reconciled. One difference, it was said, may be found in the kind of diets that have been fed. Doctor Sherman's rats got a "poor man's" diet; the rats of the other scientists, a "rich man's" diet.

The field of this research often swerves in diverse directions. Dr. William Marias Malisoff, of the Montefiore Hospital for Chronic Disease, New York, believes in the old adage that a man is as old as his arteries. Ergo, his arteries are as old as the thickness of deposits of lipoids they contain.

Maybe, suggests Doctor Malisoff, the lipoid becomes deposited in the arteries because some hormone in the body is not present when it grows old. If so, he thinks it may be possible to isolate the hormone, make it synthetically, inject it.

Granting that all these experiments achieve positive and permanent effects, the man who has married stands a better chance of longevity than his single brother, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

"It would seem that the relatively staid and regular course of married life is more conducive to health than are the comparatively free and easy ways of the unmarried," said a company bulletin.

FOUND OUT Science Puts Childhood Cares, Ancient Animals, Within Range of Discoveries

Arithmetic and squabbling parents at home are the two worst worries of third-grade children; grown-ups who say that childhood is a happy, care-free time just can't remember. That's what Dr. Frank F. Tallman, of the Rockland State Hospital, Orangeburg, New York, told the American Psychiatric Association recently.

* * *

If a sicentist made a reconstruction of the ancestor of the giraffe who lived thirty million years ago, and then commanded "Live again," he would have an okapi. This remnant of a bygone age that just forgot to become extinct has been studied by Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, of the American Museum of Natural History. About as near extinct as an animal can become and yet survive, the okapi was never seen by white men until a few years ago, when Sir Harry Johnston, then Governor of Uganda, Africa, spied a small flock. Not so tall as a giraffe, the okapi has high, thin shoulders, a peculiarly-shaped head, and nubbins of horns.

* * *

Real guns, bullets of poison, shrapnel, and bombs will soon bring destruction to the insect enemies of man, if Otto V. Huffman, of Bedford Hills, New York, forecasts truly. He has just been granted a patent for his scheme to bomb the insects. Bursting into deadly dust as they are fired from shotguns over trees and fields, compressed slugs of insecticide envelop vegetation with a fine killing powder that spells death to insects.

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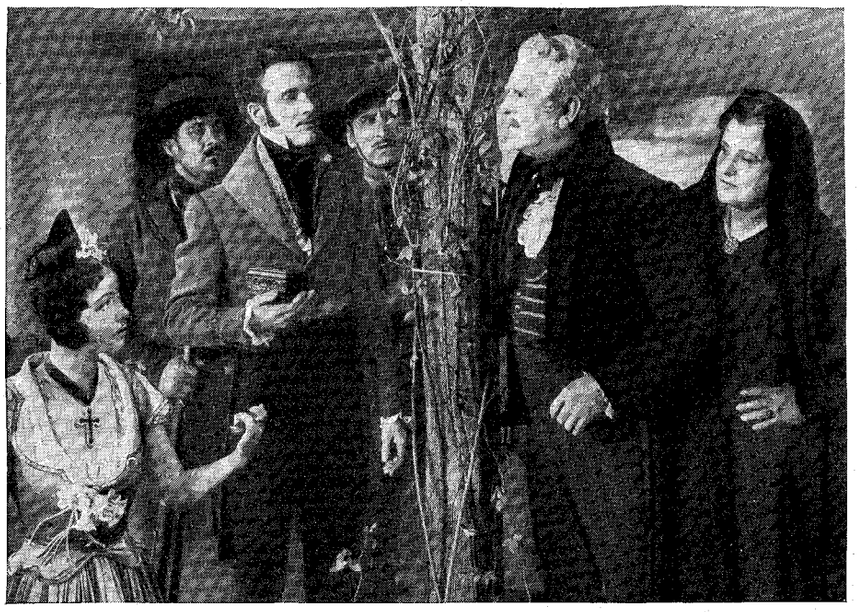
COLOR FILM CROWNED WITH BEAUTY

"Dancing Pirate" Goes Back to Picturesque Californian Days



Crisis—to learn, or not to learn, the waltz: Steffi Duna, Charles Collins, Frank Morgan, and Alma Real, in a scene in "Dancing Pirates," filmed in Technicolor

There have been four Technicolor motion-pictures made for the main channels of entertainment since, about two years ago, there was a revival of technical and audience interest in polychromatic cinema.

Curiously, the first and tiniest was the most satisfactory. It was a short film, two reels, possibly a little more. It was called "La Cucaracha," and in the whole history of Hollywood's dipping into paint pots none more lovely ever was made. Its slim, gay little plot was exactly right for the medium of color, its length correct.

Not long after, heartened by public response to the short picture, a feature-length film was made: "Becky Sharp." The response this time was good, but not as ecstatic as that given to "La Cucaracha." A few months ago, Walter Wanger hired Technicolor rights for one feature picture, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The public interest seemed to wane, altho critics described it as a satisfactory motion-picture both in story and color.

Third of a Cycle—Now comes, from the studio that made "La Cucaracha" and "Becky Sharp," the third feature length all-color film, "Dancing Pirate." Critics who keep one eye on their typewriters and the other on the box-office are going to back away from it. Critics not lassoed by any cares for the financial success of a picture, will like it. It goes back to the charm and sprightly gaiety of "La Cucaracha."

The Spanish costumes, the music of the early Californian days, the native dances, and a shrewd overlarding of American ways, all contribute to a picture of great visual beauty. It is to be admitted that the plot is slender as window-glass, and that no irresistible star names are in the cast.

The girl in "Dancing Pirate" is Steffi Duna. She was the girl in "La Cucaracha" and has done nothing of consequence since, with the result that of 80,000,000 American motion-picture goers, it is entirely possible that 65,000,000 would not recognize the name in lights.

The boy is Charles Collins, an able, talented dancing actor who has been popular in the musical-comedy theaters of New York. Standing with these two, himself a definite lure, is the flawless Frank Morgan.

The plot is elaborately simple, wisely designed, and ever pointed to the main work of providing colorful scenes for the picture. A Boston dancing-master is shanghaied by pirates.

The time is in the early 1800's. The ship puts in, weeks later, at a Californian port for water. The dancing man escapes to the mainland.

Spanish settlers mistake him for a pirate and he is arrested. He is sentenced to be hanged and is in despair until the women of the town learn that he is a teacher of dance. They prevail on the town fathers to set the sentence aside so that he may teach them the waltz.

Thenceforward, the aim of the story is to show how he saves the girl from a despised marriage.

In Hollyood, after the preview, there was a sharp difference of opinion concerning Mr. Collins.

Critical Opinion — *Hollywood Reporter:* "The screen future of Charles Collins, 'débuting' here in the title rôle, remains somewhat questionable. He is a dancer of no mean ability, but he is limited as an actor."

Hollywood Variety: "Charles Collins, a screen newcomer, gives a sparkling performance as the Boston dancing-master who suffers the fate of a suspected pirate trapped in a sleepy Spanish California town. Collins dances with verve and fine repertory skill through half a dozen original creations, and seems headed for places."

On the score of the color, there was no division. All critics agreed "Dancing Pirate" was spectacularly beautiful.

"The color design was handled by Robert Edmond Jones," says *Hollywood Variety*, "on the theory that it could best be controlled by having it made completely indoors without vagaries of weather and sunlight.

"The result is scenes of startling beauty, symphonic, having the glow and richness of fine paintings which must be pleasing and exciting even to the untrained eye and will delight the sensitive observer."

"Dancing Pirate," in all truth a grown-up "Cucaracha," was made by Pioneer Pictures, releasing through RKO-Radio Pictures.

BRITISH METEOR New Imported Film, "It's Love Again," Has Vivacious Star

England still has a few tricks to learn from Hollywood. Too much footage is wasted, sound recording is not up to scratch, the action often lags.

On the side of its filmland's better virtues is the Gaumont British musical "It's Love Again," which has just reached American shores.

Outstanding is the performance of small, vivacious Jessie Matthews.

Her first picture, "Evergreen," was seen in America in 1934; her second, "First a Girl," earlier this year.

In "It's Love Again" she comes dangerously close to placing herself in the first rank of musical comedy stars. Critics were not unmindful of the great Fred Astaire himself. She is devastatingly winsome, a small, beauteous-looking brunette who knows how to put over a song.

Pantomimic Face—In this piece Miss Matthews is supported by Robert Young, the American actor. There isn't much plot. Miss Matthews's main function, aside from singing and dancing, is to look alternately pleased and annoyed at the antics of two rival London newspaper columnists.

"If there isn't a great showman's bet in the effervescent, fast-stepping, attractive, and wholly-appealing Jessie Matthews, this picture's star, then this reviewer has completely lost his grip," said *Motion Picture Daily*. "The girl, in a word, has what it takes."

Film Daily's comment, summed up, was: "Highly entertaining musical dominated by the appealing and charming Jessie Matthews."

In "It's Love Again": Jessie Matthews and Robert Young, in leading roles, wonder if it is

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CHEVROLET

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HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE

SHOCKPROOF STEERING*

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SEEING is believing that the new 1936 Chevrolet is the most *beautiful* low-priced car of the year. But beauty is only half the Chevrolet story. . . .

This new Chevrolet is as *safe* as it is beautiful . . . as *thrilling* as it is safe . . . and as *comfortable* to ride in as it is thrilling to drive!

You will enjoy *all-round* motoring satisfaction when you own one of these new Chevrolets, because it brings you New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes and a Solid Steel Turret Top Body for maximum security; a High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine for finest performance with economy; and Knee-Action Wheels* and Genuine Fisher No Draft Ventilation for greatest comfort.

All things combine to make the new Chevrolet for 1936 *complete* beyond any other car in its price range.

You who want luxurious motoring at low cost will find the perfect answer to your desires in this *only complete low-priced car.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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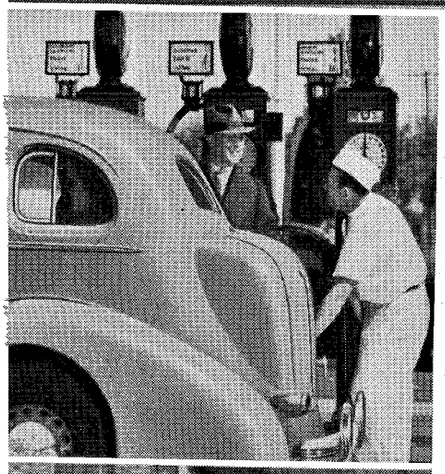
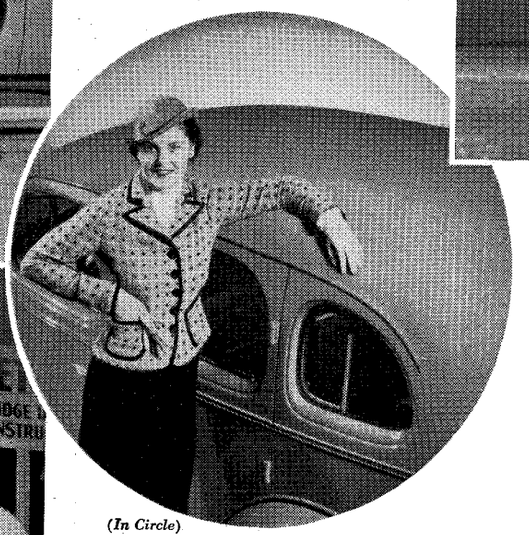


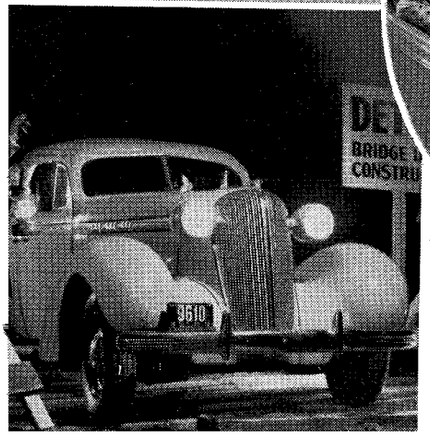
(*At Left*)
LOW FUEL AND MAINTENANCE COSTS—Figures of private owners—as well as corporations operating fleets—establish that Oldsmobile's gasoline and oil consumption is exceedingly low . . . that upkeep expense is slight.

(*Center Left*)
POWERFUL SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Extra-large braking area combines with the traction of big, low-pressure tires to bring Oldsmobile to a smooth, quick, straight-line stop. Center-Control Steering assures easy handling.

(*Lower Left*)
KNEE-ACTION AND RIDE STABILIZER—Oldsmobile's front wheels move up and down independently . . . "step over" bumps and holes . . . provide a restful, gliding ride. The Ride Stabilizer eliminates body roll and sidesway.



(*In Circle*)
SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES—The latest and finest of Fisher bodies give Oldsmobile owners the protection of steel over head, under foot and all around. Safety Glass throughout provides extra security at no additional cost.



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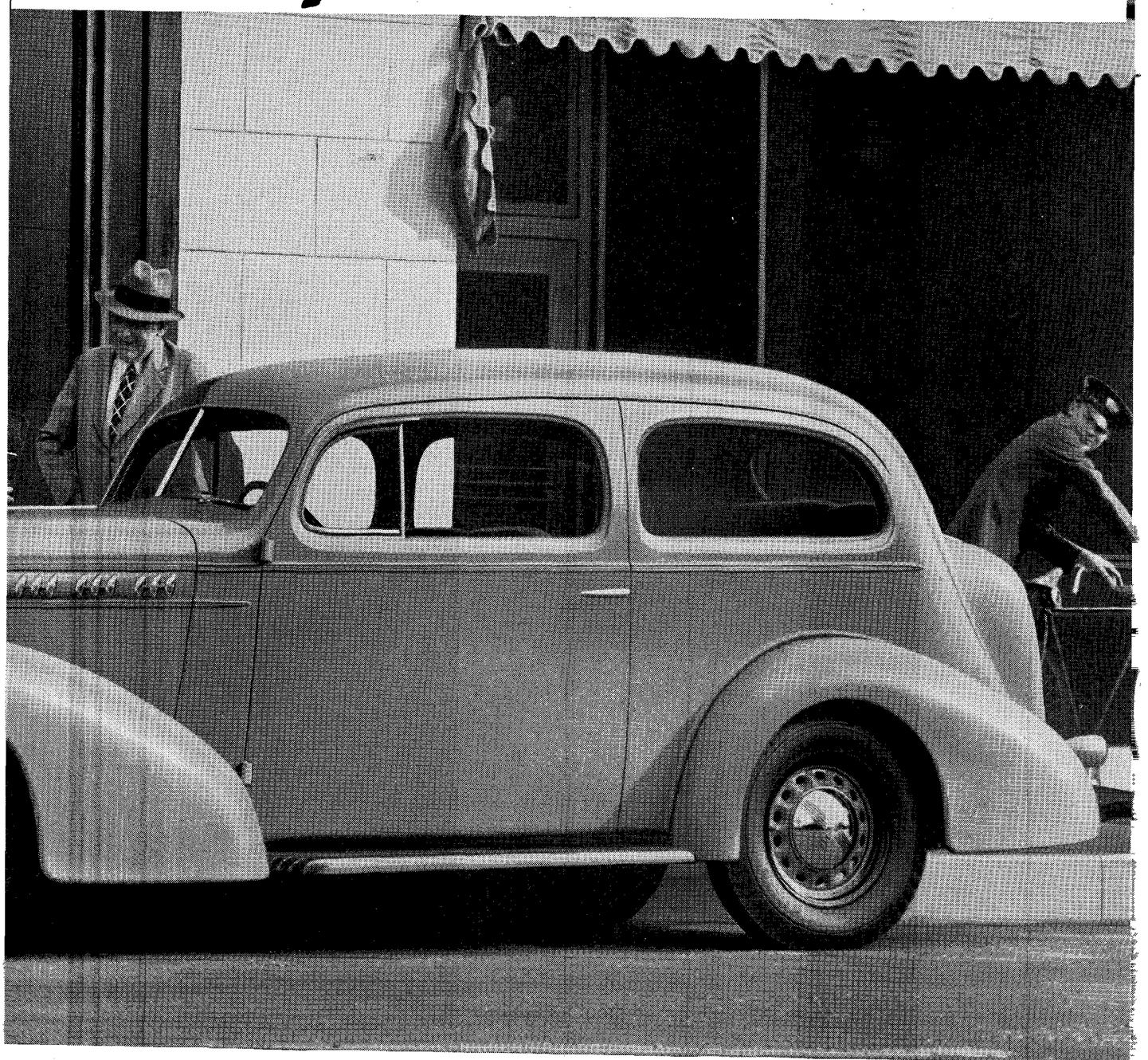
less per mile!"



Those who keep accurate cost records find that Oldsmobile is one of the most economical fine cars on the market.....

SOME OF the most enthusiastic comments about today's Oldsmobile come from those who are interested in motoring primarily from a dollars-and-cents standpoint. Private owners, executives who use their cars for business, and corporations operating fleets, all find that Oldsmobile is a money-saving car. Their records show that Oldsmobile gives them excellent economy on the basis of miles-per-gallon, that maintenance expense is low, and that repairs are seldom needed. Their experience proves that Oldsmobile's life is long, depreciation low, and resale value high. Look at your motor car investment in the light of over-all cost per mile, and you, too, will choose Oldsmobile. Meanwhile, for a new conception of smooth performance and restful riding comfort, take a thrilling trial drive in Oldsmobile . . . today!

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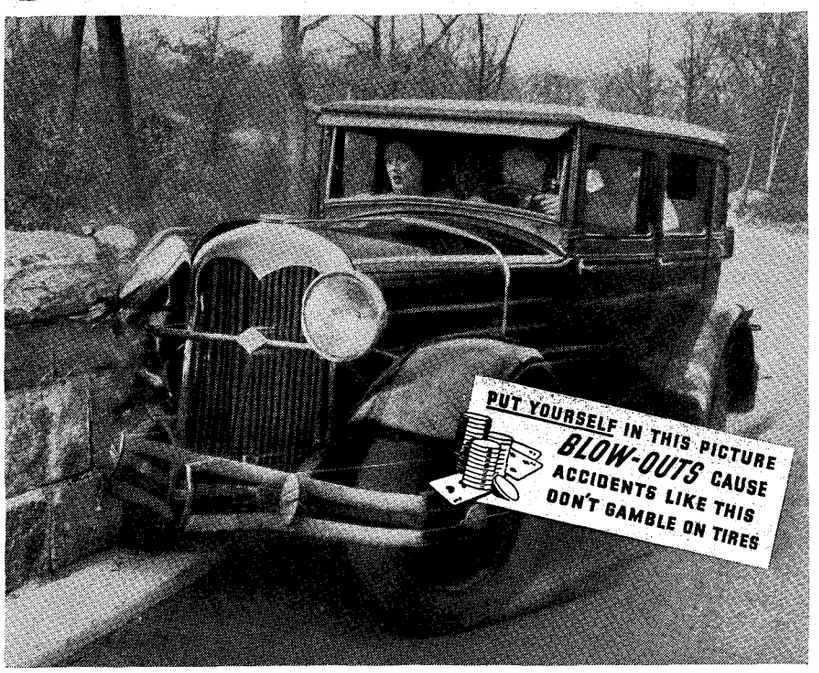

ONLY SILVERTOWNS GIVE YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

Put yourself in this picture. Don't risk a blow-out accident like this. Unless you are protected, the chances are better than even you will have a blow-out some day.

* * *

When thousands are killed or injured in blow-out accidents every year isn't it foolish to take unnecessary chances? Let a well-known engineer give you a quick, simple 1-2-3 description of what happens to a tire to make it blow out. **1.** Any car today will do 60. Yet think of this. Even at normal speeds of 30 or 40 miles an hour, terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. **2.** The tire gets hottest where the tread joins the carcass. At this danger point rubber wilts—loses its grip on the tread—*and a blister forms.* **3.** Before long this blister grows and becomes the *weakest* spot in the tire. All of the air is pushing and pressing to get out. And, sooner or later, it does—and BANG—a blow-out!

At the point where heat blisters would normally form in ordinary tires the Life-Saver Golden Ply is built into every Goodrich Silvertown. This ply has a special heat-resisting construction developed by Goodrich engineers to overcome the great unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs.

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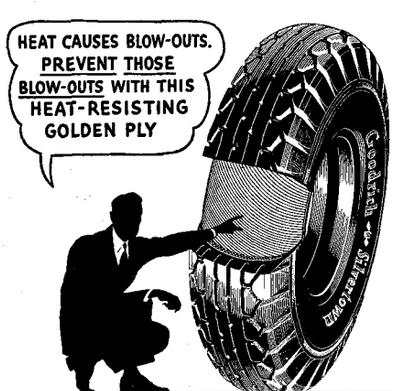
Another Silvertown life-saving feature is a remarkable tread that works like your windshield wiper. At the first sign of a skid three center ribs *sweep* away water, giving the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip. This gives you extra safety on wet, slippery roads.

No tire is safe unless it protects you against today's high-speed blow-outs. And no tire gives you Golden Ply blow-out protection unless it is a Goodrich Safety Silvertown. Silvertowns will give you months of extra, trouble-free mileage and greater riding comfort, too. Yet, they cost not a penny more than other standard tires. Don't gamble. See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns.



FREE! Join the Silvertown Safety League. Sign the Goodrich Safe Driving Pledge and your Goodrich dealer will get for you absolutely free a handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

QUADRUPLE ARTS Stars of Four Entertainment Forms Becoming Interchangeable

There no longer is any performance division between the four major arts of public entertainment. Opera-singers have invaded radio and motion-pictures, stage stars have made like inroads. Radio performers may be seen in the films. No fewer than half a dozen Hollywood stars are studying in the hope of becoming opera-singers.

Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore are as much to be counted among the photoplay stars as they are among the first-flight singers in opera. Burns and Allen and many others journeyed from the broadcasting microphones to the Hollywood microphones. Jack Benny divides his time between Hollywood and Radio City. Al Jolson and Rudy Vallee have never been in opera, but have been stars of stage, screen, and radio. Jolson wanted to sing the rôle of *Porgy* in the native opera, "Porgy and Bess," and probably would have if the Theater Guild had not decided on a completely Negro cast.

Now comes Richard Hageman with his opera, "Caponsacchi." It will be sung for the first time in the United States at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, late in May for the popular-priced spring season of opera. The author will conduct.

Blended Technique—Mr. Hageman, six feet four inches tall, with a swell of brown hair across his head, is not of stage, screen, or radio. But he, too, is to be listed among those who combine forces. He studied motion-picture technique to accomplish an opera more flowing than was the custom.

He wanted to eliminate the opera traditions of long duets and scenes, to hasten action. His eyes glow behind chill crystal *pince-nez* as he explains his absorption in scenario methods of writing opera.

His opera has not been without pain. It was written six years ago, in Miami. Collapsed economics delayed its production. Mostly, the delay was caused by its requirement of twenty-eight soloists, a large chorus and ballet, a prodigious cast.

Germany was quick to accept it, three years after it was written, just as quick to banish it from the Reich. Mr. Hageman is still not sure why it was banned. He never had considered Robert Browning a subversive propagandist. The Nazi officials apparently did.

Popularity Achieved—It was sung at Freiburg in 1932. Critics liked it in the main, but took pains to describe it as an opera the people would like. The people did. It was sung ten times within a three-months' season, establishing a record. Twelve other German companies signed contracts to present the work. All were canceled abruptly in 1933 by orders of the Nazi Government.

Mr. Hageman is fairly certain learned musicians will not thrill to his opera. He believes the public will.

"I began by composing all the cuts," he explains, "and threw them away at the start. The musicians here are not going to be impressed by what is left."

The libretto was inspired by seeing Walter Hampden play the stage version of Browning's "The Ring and the Book." In the midst of the performance he was almost overwhelmed by a desire to stand up and shout that the play ought to be sung and not spoken.

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"Caponsacchi" will have its American *première* as part of the Metropolitan's first spring season and first opera at popular prices. This unusual post-season program was inaugurated last week. "Carmen" and "Rigoletto" were presented twice and "The Bartered Bride" once. In these productions, eight singers, four native Americans, made débuts.

The popular-priced operas owe their existence to conditions growing out of the depression.

Faced by mounting deficits after 1929, the "Met" sank in box-office appeal. The public shrank from the idea of paying $7 for an orchestra seat, or lesser amounts for the privilege of watching mouse-like figures from gallery tops.

Crisis Solved—In the midst of feverish campaigns for funds, Director Giulio Gatti-Casazza resigned, was succeeded eventually by Edward Johnson, the singer. As the new impresario looked down from his dreary helm, the Juilliard Musical Foundation saved the situation by offering a way out of difficulties.

Its theory was that opera too long had been for the wealthy few, too long had been sung by completely foreign casts. Why not open the "Met's" doors to people able to pay not $7, but $3? Why not open the stage door to young Americans? The foundation backed its suggestions with a guaranty of $150,000. The directors accepted, went after new subscribers, ordered a thorough house-cleaning.

First fruit of the new policy was last December's spectacularly brilliant opening. The public, already stimulated by radio broadcasts and the Hollywood products of Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, found a modern touch in new seats, new faces, new scenery, an American ballet. The season was a success financially and artistically.

Eager Audience—Last week the Juilliard Foundation saw its basic proposals realized. Top-gallery seats sold for twenty-five cents, orchestra seats at $3. The opening performance saw all seats taken days in advance without help of a subscription list. Standees eagerly paid $1 just to get inside. All signs pointed to a duplication of the winter season's wide popularity.

The golden curtains parted for the closing acts of "Rigoletto," the second performance of the week, with sure indications that of the list of spring singers, Emily Hardy, a blonde, blue-eyed native of Webb City, Missouri, would go far in her ambitions.

Miss Hardy, twenty-three, yearned to sing or play in concert years ago while living on a New Mexico ranch. She never heard grand opera until she was seventeen. Her career was started after hearing Beatrice Bowman Flint seven years ago in San Francisco, for she promptly began studying coloratura under her. She made her début three years ago as the Queen in "Le Coq d'Or," and has appeared in many other operas since.

Being very modern and likewise very frank about herself, Miss Hardy makes no secret of her Hollywood ambitions. It's a short cut to fame, and that's what she is after.

She looks more like a movie star than the traditionally weighty operatic prima donna, and last week's packed audiences at the "Met" were sure she would succeed equally as well in shadow-land as in opera-land.

LITERARY DIGEST Photos by Tom Maley

"Carmen" in rehearsal: Gennaro Papi conducts, as "Morales" (Wilfred Engelman) sings the first notes of Bizet's opera and of the new season at the "Met" . . .

"Don José" (Armand Tokatyan) and "Micaela" (Natalie Bodanskaya) render a duet before the entrance of "Carmen" (Bruna Castagna), who starts singing . . .

. . . warms to her theme . . .

. . . and finishes in a burst of power

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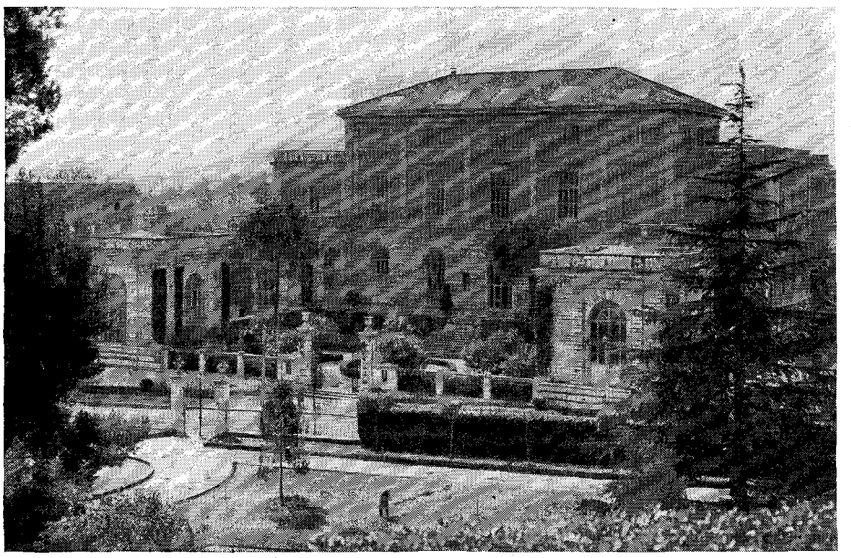
ACHIEVEMENTS BASED ON PRIX DE ROME

Art Students Winning Awards Prove They Are Stepping-Stones



The American Academy in Rome, scene of two years' study by Prix de Rome winners

The most practical art grant in the United States is a Prix de Rome award.

Annually, it points a $2,000 finger at selected young painters, sculptors, architects, and landscape architects, stuffs bills in their wallets, packs them off to Rome for a pair of years. The result, with an extraordinarily high average, has been betterment of native art.

Last week officials and jurors of the American Academy in Rome plucked a squad of winners from the mass and doled out the awards.

Watching this, certain curiosity-ridden persons scrambled back through the years to discover what good the awards had done to previous winners.

Barry Faulkner, made a Fellow in fine and applied arts, was a 1908 winner. He since has become a renowned muralist, was Chairman of the 1936 painting jury. Charles Keck, 1901's sculpture winner, has executed many memorials, notably the Peace Monument in Toronto, Canada.

Sculptor Herman A. MacNeil passes through your hands every time you spend or receive a twenty-five-cent piece. He designed it.

Ezra A. Winter, a Fellow in painting from past time, decorated the New York Cotton Exchange trading-room, splashed disciplined paint across the foyer of the Radio City Music Hall.

James Russell Pope, a winner in 1896, is now the Academy's President; most recently planned the Theodore Roosevelt Memorials in New York City and Washington, D. C.

Swift Results—So recent a set of Fellows as the class of 1929, recipients of honors in 1926 for the then three-year term, have blossomed.

Joseph Kiselewski has sculptured the Milwaukee statue of General Pulaski, the pediment of the Commerce Building in Washington, D. C., two heroic groups for the Bronx County (New York) Court House.

No less industrious and successful is the 1929er, Deane Keller, painter. Teaching now at Yale, he sold his "Fascism" to the Italian Government for the Chigi Palace, Rome. Richard K. Webel shrubs some of the largest country estates in America, as a landscape architect with prosperous contracts made in his offices in Rockland, Long Island.

He teaches neophitic acre-scale gardeners at Harvard. C. Dale Badgeley, architect, has his own office, toils for the New York City Park Department.

Even such recent winners as the 1933 group (Literary Digest, May 21, 1933) are not lost in the regiments of also-ran artists.

Robert F. Amendola, sculptor, and Daniel Boza, painter, last to finish their studies abroad under Academy sponsorship, have turned to teaching.

This work, incidentally, claims about 40 per cent. of 130 alumni of the American Academy in Rome.

Amendola worked a year in Rome on figures presenting the life of Christ in landscape setting, traveled Northern Europe and the Near East his second. His teaching is done at the Massachusetts School of Arts. Between classes, he "digests travel experiences."

Boza instructs in figure composition at the Cleveland School of Art, exhibited a mural in the Grand Central Galleries, New York, last year; held a one-man show in Cleveland this March.

Chief work of this talented son of Polish immigrants is "The Emancipation of the American Negro."

Rules Laid Down—Like these, the 1936 Fellows will begin their course in Rome October 1, and go expecting to endure a strict regimen of classical study.

They are required to remain unmarried, to eat at a common table while in Rome, to reside in rooms provided by the Academy, except when traveling, and must not accept commissions outside their course of study. "Guidance will be given them, and that guidance must be accepted whole-heartedly," the Academy insists.

Practical but not easy, a Fellowship imposes the expectation that winners will read and study general history "and perfect themselves in the Italian language." Also, they must collect historical material to be put "at the Academy's disposal."

Awards last week caused confusion in the WEAF studios of the National Broadcasting Company. The Academy awards were to go on the air at 10:30 P.M. May 12. All that afternoon, tall, worried announcer Jack Costello hovered around the Grand Central Art Galleries, working against implacable time to gather interview data from prize-winners as they arrived in New York. Two of the four juries refused to hasten themselves, broadcast or no broadcast.

Belated Winner—It was just two hours before the broadcast that President Pope, Chairman of the four architecture judges, produced slim, vibrant, excited Richard Ayers, of Jefferson, Georgia, as winner of the design for the most suitable Community Mausoleum. Only twenty-five years old, Fellow Ayers already has a good job with the New York firm of Frederick A. Godley.

Chairman Faulkner's committee on painting produced no winner at all from a field of forty-two entrants, the largest group of which came from Yale's School of Fine Arts. The judges promised a decision "as late as some time in summer."

Further Awards—Sculpture and landscape architecture fellowships, voted a week earlier, went respectively to Harrison Gibbs of Rosemont, Pennsylvania, twenty-seven years old, lean, tall, muscular, a son of George Gibbs, author-illustrator, and Robert Kitchen, chubby, moon-faced twenty-three-year-old of Dayton, Ohio, a graduate student at Cornell.

Gibbs won with "Triangle," a heroic study of one woman, two men, their arms locking. It was judged best of twenty-four entries.

"It was suggested by a punk story I read once," said Fellow Gibbs.

"I forget the name and the title, but I thought it would be pretty good if I could do it in sculpture."

Gibbs studied at the University of Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

His father's old barn was his studio. "Triangle" is his second large work, the first large group.

Fellow Kitchen won with a plan for a fine arts school, to be built for the same purpose in the United States that the American Academy in Rome serves. Twenty other designs competed. A graduate in architecture in 1935, getting into the finals of last year's architecture competition for the Prix de Rome, he "shifted the field slightly."

He believes "landscape architecture is full of prospects for the future," and candidly expects "a good many contacts from it."

The fellowships have a cash value of $2,000 a year for, now, two years. The cash stipend is $1,250 a year, plus $300 for round-trip transportation to and from Rome, plus $50 a year for architects' and $100 a year for painters' and sculptors' materials.

Fellowships may be revoked at the

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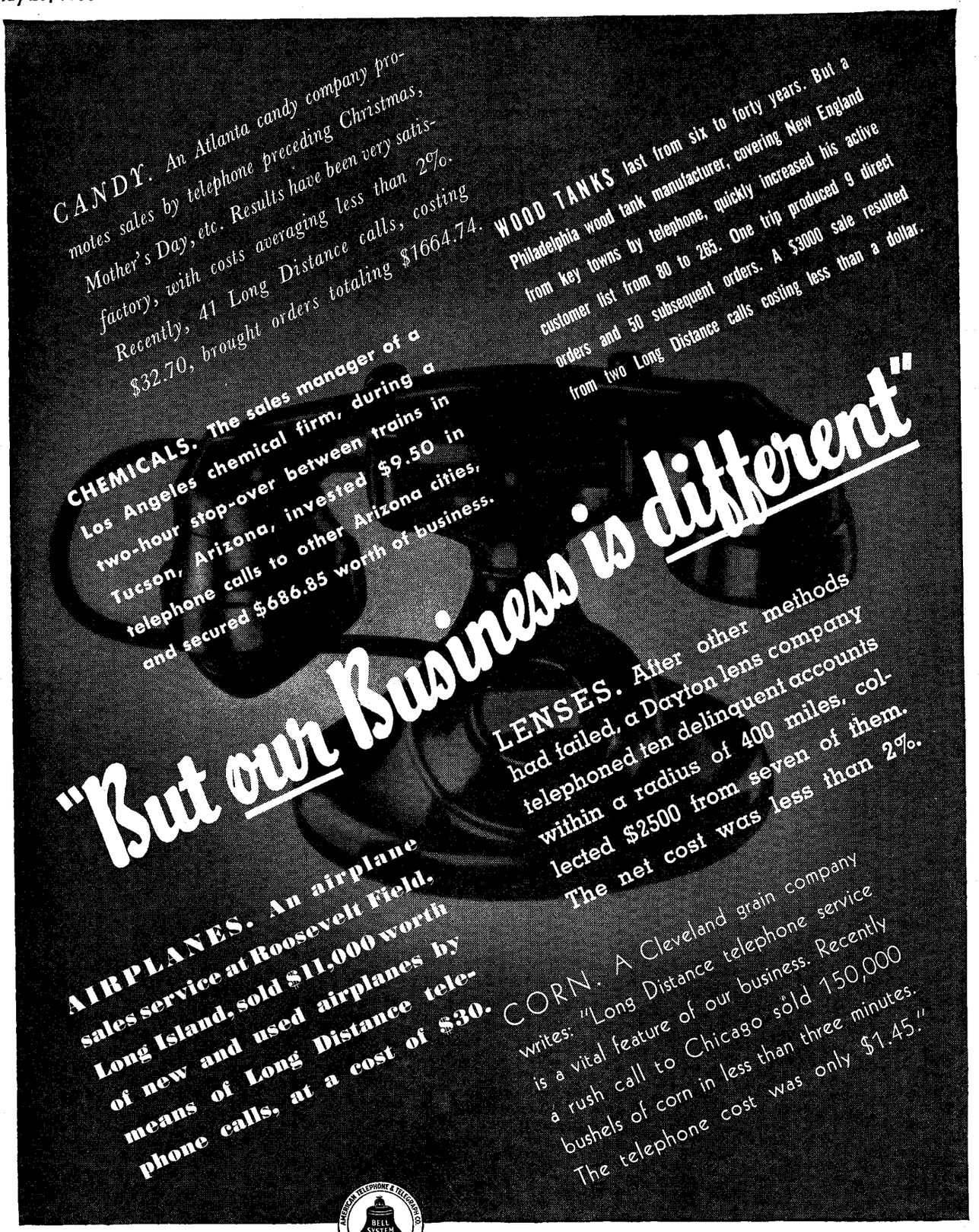
CANDY. An Atlanta candy company promotes sales by telephone preceding Christmas, Mother's Day, etc. Results have been very satisfactory, with costs averaging less than 2%. Recently, 41 Long Distance calls, costing $32.70, brought orders totaling $1664.74.
WOOD TANKS last from six to forty years. But a Philadelphia wood tank manufacturer, covering New England from key towns by telephone, quickly increased his active customer list from 80 to 265. One trip produced 9 direct orders and 50 subsequent orders. A $3000 sale resulted from two Long Distance calls costing less than a dollar.
CHEMICALS. The sales manager of a Los Angeles chemical firm, during a two-hour stop-over between trains in Tucson, Arizona, invested $9.50 in telephone calls to other Arizona cities, and secured $686.85 worth of business.
"But our Business is different"
LENSES. After other methods had failed, a Dayton lens company telephoned ten delinquent accounts within a radius of 400 miles, collected $2500 from seven of them. The net cost was less than 2%.
AIRPLANES. An airplane sales service at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, sold $11,000 worth of new and used airplanes by means of Long Distance telephone calls, at a cost of $30.
CORN. A Cleveland grain company writes: "Long Distance telephone service is a vital feature of our business. Recently a rush call to Chicago sold 150,000 bushels of corn in less than three minutes. The telephone cost was only $1.45."
BELL SYSTEM
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You may have thoroughly sound reasons for believing that your business is different. But hundreds of "different" businesses have found that Long Distance telephone service fills a fundamental need. . . . It takes busy men North, East, South, West, at will. It cuts through crowded lobbies, gets attention, gets results. It finds prospects and follows them up. It makes appointments and makes sales. . . . Put Long Distance to work this week and watch results!

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end of the first year. Studios and living quarters are provided free in Rome. Some travel, to come out of the cash stipend, is required each year.

Grant is based on achievement, has nothing to do with the young artists' need of support. Training is in the conservative, classical traditions, since "nobody can afford to depart from tradition and example who has not first learned them."

NEW BOOKS Romance Found in Nantucket and Among English Words in America

Nantucket: The Far-Away Island. By William O. Stevens. 313 pp. (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; $3.)

The industrial revolution never did halter Nantucket with humming leather drive-wheel belts, and even the last of the whalers grew too big to take notice of the island. Mr. Stevens is glad of it, for he is able to report in a day of Rural Resettlement and Slum Clearance that it rules unchanged as "the queen" of American villages.

The Nantucketers seem to have been non-conformists always. Being God-fearing Quakers, the early settlers dwelt in peace and amity, even contriving to be good to their Indian neighbors. In the two wars between Mother England and her rebellious offspring, they tried to save their hides by declaring themselves neutral; and, as in the case of Little Belgium, took a thumping from both sides for their pains.

From such stock came the fabulous Deborah Chase, a gentlewoman of 350 pounds who could—and did—toss a 160-pound man onto a housetop; Maria Mitchell, who discovered a comet and subsequently became Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College; and Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., of the King's Navy, who fought with Hood at the Battle of the Saints and returned to found a school in Fair Street.

The greatest of island glories, of course, were the whaling men. They sailed with John Paul Jones, roamed the Pacific, made tidy fortunes, died at the hands of savages, succumbed to mutiny, or simply vanished in the best tradition of the sea.

Of all the tales of the sea, by far the whoppingest is that concerning the fate of the ship *Essex*, smashed by a gigantic and truculent whale. The crew escaped in three boats, and in that commanded by Captain Pollard they drew lots to decide whom to slaughter so that the others might eat. The skipper's nephew lost and paid, but his uncle risked starvation in refusing to taste his kin's flesh. The hoary Pollard lived to make one more voyage, which likewise ended in shipwreck; whereupon he swallowed the anchor and beached himself because, as he so aptly explained it, he seemed to have been born unlucky.

Even at this late date Nantucket has its own island *patois*. Thus summer visitors from the mainland will discover that they are "on from off"; and if they pack a picnic lunch the natives will ask them if they are bound for a "squantum"; "porch," strange to say, means the kitchen ell. The author makes it all sound worth visiting.

Critical Opinions—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT: *"Every line discloses that Nantucket is unlike any other New England, any other American town."*

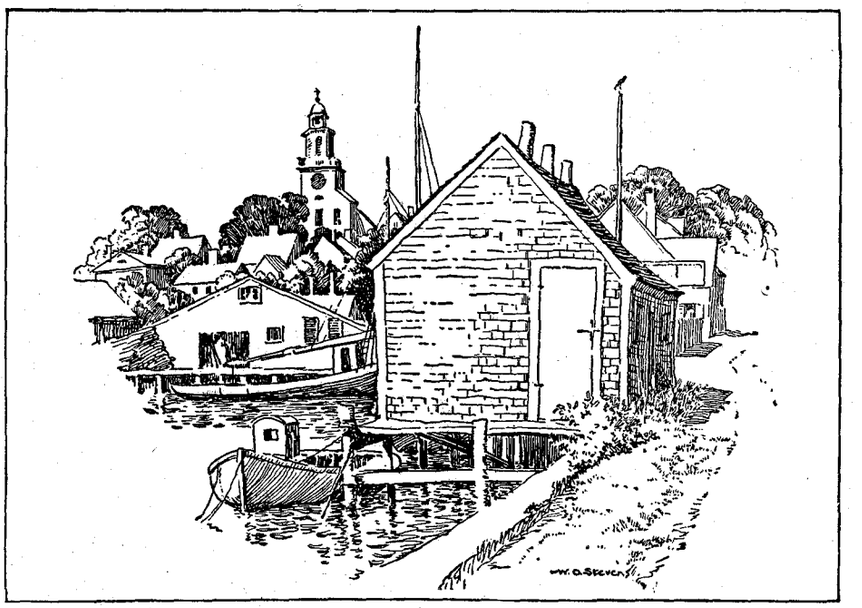
NEW YORK AMERICAN: *"If you are in search of a quiet village, full of history and glamour, . . . get this book."*

HARTFORD TIMES: *"In a volume delightfully illustrated with his own pen-and-ink sketches, the author has caught the essence of drama, romance, tragedy, and excitement that has hung for three centuries about the little island. Mr. Stevens has painted a friendly and intimate picture of the history and life on an island which has always been a law unto itself and which, despite the encroachments of modern civilization, has kept something of its own quaint individuality."*

MANCHESTER LEADER: *"He discovers the Nantucket of old through the Nantucket of to-day."*

BUFFALO EVENING NEWS: *" . . . a book you will buy and show to your friends, but you will keep it."*

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL: *" . . . tho there is little new in it, all that is old is included, told with a bright wit and salt savor by one who is an even better line-artist than he is an author."*



One of William Oliver Stevens's illustrations for his book "Nantucket: The Far-Away Island"

* * *

The American Language. By Henry L. Mencken. 697 pp. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $5.)

A while ago, the Sage of Baltimore was telling the world that the King's English and American speech never had got along, had not been living together for years, and were on the point of getting a divorce.

Now, on second—or third, or fourth—thought, he says: "The Englishman, of late, has yielded so much to American example, in vocabulary, idiom, in spelling and even in pronunciation, that what he speaks promises to become, on some not too remote to-morrow, a kind of dialect of American."

There is ample evidence to support the thesis. In the hallowed precincts of No. 10 Downing Street, for example, "O. K." has come to have the same significance on State papers that it has had for years on all sorts of papers this side of the Atlantic.

The truth is that the United States is now the largest body of the English-speaking peoples, even if one adds the populations of Canada, Australasia, and South Africa to the English, Welsh, Scots, and Irish. One is inclined to feel that the sheer weight of numbers was bound, sooner or later, to make itself felt.

American enrichment of the common tongue began with the invasion of the New World by the British whites, who were unable to resist the obvious convenience of various Indian words—who often needed them, in fact, for the strange new articles for which there were no English terms at all. That process has gone on and on through the years, drawing from the melting-pot reservoir of Italian, German, Greek, Russian, Chinese, and a dozen other immigrant groups, and from the Mexicans to the South.

It is generally assumed that the greatest impetus to this trend in recent years has come from the radio and Hollywood movies. Mr. Mencken refuses to give the whole credit for the shift in the philology of the Anglo-Saxon hegemony to these agents.

The author has also explored the vagaries of American slang and idiom; divergencies of American grammar from the parent rules; the painstaking history of things that evolved slowly, but now seem commonplace. His job is so complete and so well done that it will be indispensable on every shelf, and certainly in every classroom.

Critical Opinions—NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM: *"The most readable, the most informing, the most entertaining book ever written about the words we use, and how these words betray us."*

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE: *"Mr. Mencken is at heart a studious patriot, and any one with a taste for the byways of speech, past and present, or with an honest contempt for top hats and top-hat language, will find in his book endless delight."*

NEW YORK AMERICAN: *"Like an encyclopedia, it should be in every man's library."*

NEW YORK POST: *"Mencken the journalist, the controversialist, editor, poet, may pass into oblivion, but not Mencken the*

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lover of words; his enduring fame is soundly grounded on this book."

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: *"Mr. Mencken's study is nation-wide in its scope; he has drawn upon a thousand published and unpublished manuscripts for his various sections and has completely outrun all earlier competitors from Bartlett and Pickering to Thornton."*

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: *"His relish for all of this is so infectious that any sensible American reading what he writes is bound to grow proud of a language which he has hitherto taken for granted merely as something useful in off-moments."*

* * *

Wilson Collison, whose twenty-fifth novel, **"Glittering Isle"** (Covici-Friede), is being published this month, sold his first story to the *Ohio State Journal* at the age of nine. . . . At fourteen, he won a prize for the best detective story from the *Nick Carter Weekly*. . . . He has also had twelve plays produced on Broadway and written thirty-one stories for the movies, and raps out an average of a million words a year, wearing out two portable typewriters each twelve months.

* * *

Random House reports with pride that it has enlisted Miss Miriam Hopkins, cinema darling, as a literary agent and just guess whom she signed up! Gertrude Stein, of all people. The great language revolutionist has a new manuscript with a foreword by Thornton Wilder. She has also learned theatrical make-up from Miss Hopkins and threatens to show the ship news reporters a few things the next time she visits America.

* * *

Robert Hallowell Richards, at the age of ninety-two, has written an autobiography rich in recollections of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and down-easters will also be interested to know that Timothy Fuller, son of Richard Fuller of the Old Corner Book Store in Boston, has written a thriller; both are on the Little, Brown list.

* * *

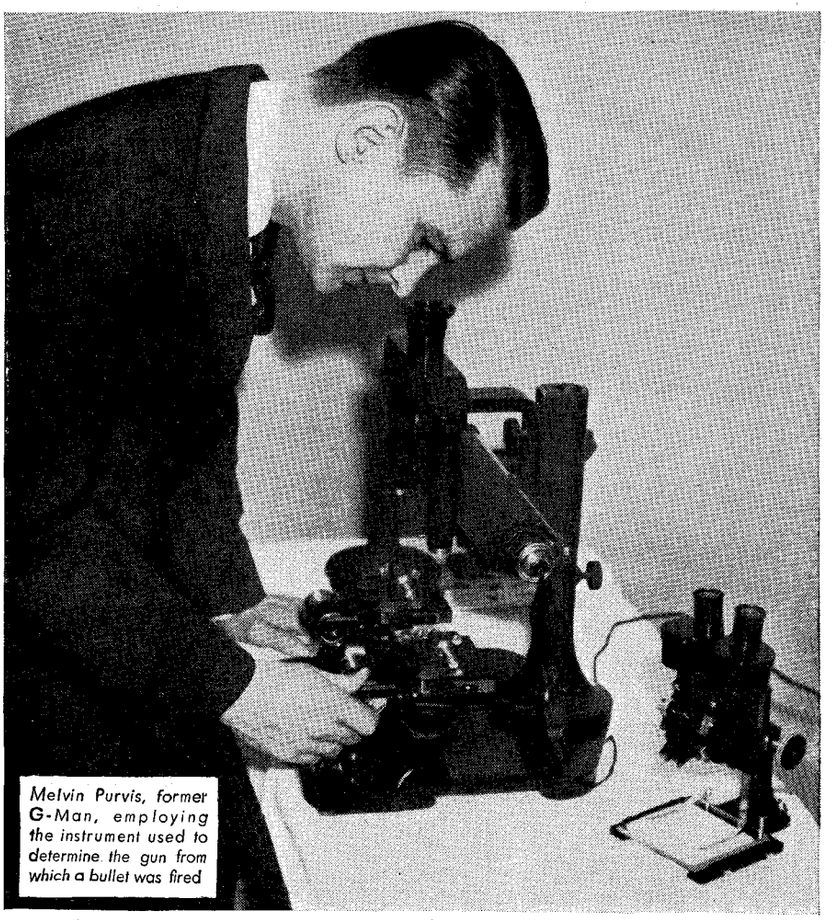
Dexter Fellows, known up and down the land as the circus publicity man in the loud plaid checks appropriate to "the Greatest Show on Earth," has written, in collaboration with Andrew A. Freeman, his autobiography of a life with the Big Top, for publication this month.

* * *

Irving Stone, author of **"Lust for Life,"** a tale of Vincent Van Gogh soon to be issued in an illustrated edition by the Heritage Press, discovered an octogenarian postman in Etten, The Netherlands, who had known the artist. . . . He had posed while the rest of the town refused, thinking Van Gogh queer because he had no regular job. . . . Now he can boast—and does—: "I liked Vincent, and so I own a Van Gogh drawing."

* * *

The Columbia University Press, which frequently investigates the most astonishing things, believes that spectacles were used not only in China but in Europe in early years. . . . In the thirteenth century when Roger Bacon suggested convex lenses as an aid for reading, there wasn't enough reading around to make them worth while. . . . Spectacles grew in demand as printing increased. . . . Benjamin Franklin didn't invent them—he invented bifocals.



Melvin Purvis, former G-Man, employing the instrument used to determine the gun from which a bullet was fired

Getting the Drop on Public Nuisance No. 1

By Melvin Purvis

Former G-Man and Nemesis of Gangdom

WHEN the rataplan of gunfire hushed, Public Enemy Number 1 lay sprawled on the street. This gangster's swift justice at the hands of law and order marked the beginning of the end for one of the most vicious gangs in the history of crime. And in this spectacular man hunt, as in most others, scientific skill and close attention to detail played leading parts.

These are the similarities between the manufacture of Gillette Blades and crime detection, although I didn't know this until my recent inspection trip through the Gillette factory. Previously I had taken razor blades for granted. I couldn't imagine the scientific skill, expert craftsmanship and tremendous care that is lavished on the Gillette Blade.

I saw things on my visit to the factory that are almost unbelievable. Yes, I saw wonders that a non-scientific mind simply cannot grasp. The automatic control mechanism on the electric hardening furnaces positively awed me. In these furnaces the world's finest steel is treated with more heat or less heat as required for utmost uniformity with the correct standard. This system alone was evolved at a cost of many thousands of dollars and years of research and labor.

Familiar as I am with the microscope I was greatly impressed with Gillette's constant use of this scientific instrument to assure perfection in the finished product. I marvelled at a photo-electric device developed by Gillette which measures the sharpness of the blade edges, and guides the skilled technicians who keep the huge grinding machines in tune. These machines weigh four tons each and can be adjusted to a fineness of 1/10,000 of an inch.

Most impressive of all is the precision of every operation. A trip through the factory is a revelation to one who appreciates accuracy and meticulous attention to detail. More than that, a man leaves the Gillette plant with a feeling of gratitude to these experts who have the drop on Public Nuisance No. 1— these Gillette scientists who have made the removal of unsightly bristles so much easier and more comfortable for every man.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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YOUR GUMS CAN STARVE while you overeat!

One change in diet corrects 83% of gum troubles, 3½-year study shows

TENDER, easily-bleeding gums cleared up in 83% of cases! Tooth decay reduced 57%! All by supplementing a good daily diet with *two large glasses of fresh orange juice each with half a lemon!*

These are the results of 42 months of research conducted by Dr. Milton T. Hanke while a member of The Sprague Memorial Institute at the University of Chicago.

Lack of the right foods actually can starve your teeth and gums while you overeat of wrong kinds!

Fresh orange-and-lemon juice contains all four of the now-known protective food essentials which help keep the body youthfully vigorous—vitamins C, A and B, and calcium. It aids digestion and strengthens the alkaline reserve.

Send for the free booklet, "World's New Dental Story," fully describing this dramatic discovery. Discuss it with your dentist. Start the two-glass habit. You may find it all you need to correct undernourishment of your gums and teeth.

Two large glasses of fresh orange juice, each with juice of half lemon, now the daily rule
For Richer Juice, Finer Flavor, more soluble solids, ask for
Sunkist
Juice-full California
Oranges

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Div. 1505, Sunkist Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

Send the *free* booklets, "World's New Dental Story," and "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright, 1936, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Current Poetry

THE COWARD

BY F.P.A.

I walked alone in Weston
The day that Housman died,
And pondered the perfection
Of his poetic pride.

And how the songs of scholars
Are simple songs and sure,
How utter is the music,
How true the note, and pure.

I walked alone in Weston
The night that Housman died,
And craved the simple courage
To lay my pen aside.

—*The Conning Tower, New York Herald Tribune.*

DARK APRIL

BY ROBERTA MEYERS

There is hurt in having daffodil hair,
Youth in your face and oldness threading your heart,
Dawn with a streak of night can torture and tear
Wounds that are deep as fire and shielded with art.

Death that is real in April shatters a soul,
Lust when a fang through blossoms lashes a mind,
Wisdom may come with time and patience unroll
Pools of a limpid peace, and laughter be kind—

What if you build a thought too subtly strong?
What if you wake some night, and there is the truth?
Terrible things are brief, but terror is long—
There is no armor built for ancient youth.

—From *Youth Looks at Life.* (Banner Press, Atlanta, Georgia.)

MY MOTHER

BY LOUISA BOYD GILE

My mother walks in the garden late in the afternoon,
She notes the first leaves touched with frost
—it will be autumn soon;
Down every path she takes her way, solicitous, intent;
She and the brooding garden rapped in mutual content.

She's caught the old cape from the hall against the evening chill,
Her strong, quick hands show white above its rough familiar twill.
Now and again she stoops or turns with pretty pause and pass
Among the dahlias' glowing eyes—across the listening grass.

There's that about the garden when my mother's walking there,
That makes them seem like two old friends taking the evening air.
I think that I shall take with me down every path I know,
My mother—as she walks serenely through the evening's glow.

—From *Thundering Hoofs.* (The Christopher Publishing House, Boston.)

ONE DAY OLD

BY FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN

So you have come . . . a crocus in October,
Untroubled by the threatening of frost.
When gardens nodded in their sleep, your sober
And tiny feet their silver porches crossed.
Your uncurled bud is brighter than the cluster
Of hawthorn in the azure path of spring.
Upon your forehead is a secret lustre
Of stars that in celestial censers swing.

When you are taller than the smallest holly
That claps its pointed hands at faerie snow,
You will be sprightly as itself, and jolly
As berries on the Christmas mistletoe;
A carol in the falling leaves—a spark—
A note of music in the frozen dark.

—From *Cables of Cobweb.* (Henry Harrison, Publisher, New York.)

MISANTHROPE

BY AUDREY WURDEMAN

Yea, all the unicorns are white,
And all are most abjectly strange;
Forbidden is their pagan might;
Narrow and strict their conscript range.

And hungry is their hapless lot,
And hungrier pace no herds than they
Who beg from mules, and are forgot,
Who steal a snatch of musty hay.

Yea, lonely are their lives, who sigh,
Who shrug their milky hides, forlorn;
Yea, lonely are their lives, but I,
I am the one black unicorn!

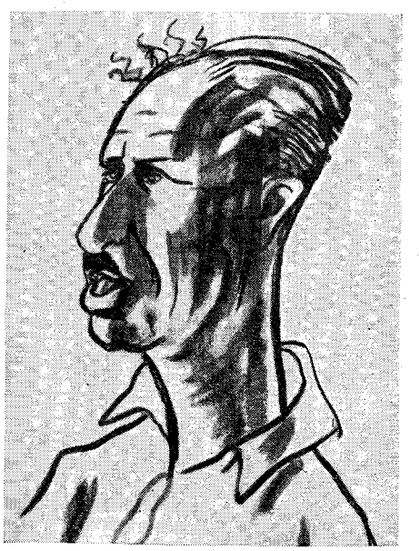
—*The American Mercury.*

MUTE

BY ROBERT COX

When Beauty charms my senses with her spell
My heart is filled with lovely things to say,
I try, but Silence, feeling's sentinel
Has locked my lips and thrown the key away.

—*Blue Moon.*



Caricature by Peggy Bacon in "Off With Their Heads!" (Robert M. McBride & Company)

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS; F.P.A. of The New York Herald Tribune. His column "The Conning Tower," is read by thousands. In it h... appeared the work of many leading wri... in this country. He lives in Connec...

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

•

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

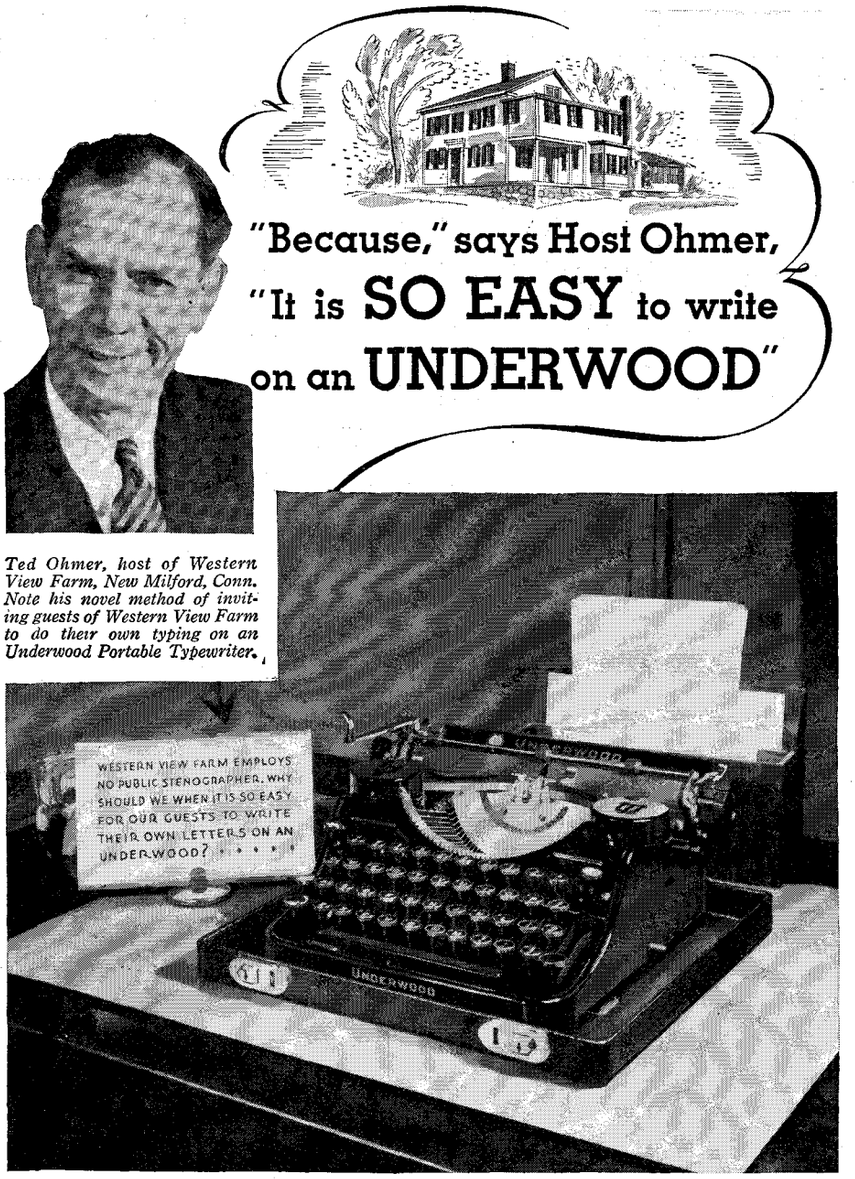
handsome.—"A. R. C.," Jamaica, N. Y. —The correct pronunciation is *han'sam*—first *a* as in *fat*, second *a* as in *final*. In English usage the *d* is usually silent. Dr. Murray indicates the *d* above the line to show that it is vanishing. In American speech it is always silent, but in Scottish it is commonly pronounced.

investment banker.—"C. D. M.," Wenatchee, Wash.—An *investment banker* does not usually run a private bank; tho perhaps it is more accurate to say that an *investment banker* is not necessarily engaged in private banking. An *investment banker* is usually understood to be merely one who buys and sells large blocks of securities. Usually he acts solely as an underwriter, buying the whole issue of a given security, and taking his profits from the difference between the buying price and the selling price. He may also buy less than the entire issue.

on the lam.—"A. D. N.," San Francisco, Calif. — The low-brow or underworld phrase, "to take it on the lam," means "to beat it, to scram," or in polite speech, "to depart with extreme haste." Like many other terms that come from the underworld into more or less polite speech, the origin of *lam*—usually a verb, meaning "to flee"—has not been traced. The little known Romany, or Gipsy tongue, may be the source. *Lam* in the current slang sense was used in Yorkshire in 1861. C. C. Robinson, in "The Dialect of Leeds, and Its Neighbourhood," gives this illustration: "Whear's tuh lamming tul? Ther wur a peeler after him—by Gow didn't he lam!" ("Where 'r' you running to? There was a 'cop' after him—Lord, didn't he scoot!")

patroness.—"T. C.," New York City.—This word may be pronounced either *pe'tran-es* (first *e* as in *prey*, *a* as in *final*, second *e* as in *get*), or *pat'ran-es* (first *a* as in *fat*, second *a* as in *final*, *e* as in *get*). The pronunciation *pe'tron-es* (first *e* as in *prey*, *o* as in *not*, second *e* as in *get*) was indicated by the lexicographers Bailey (1732), Johnson (1755), Fenning (1760), Ash (1775), Walker (1791), Jones (1798), Fulton & Knight (1802), Jamieson (1827), Smart (1840), Reid (1844), Craig (1849), and Wright (1855). The pronunciation *pat'ro-nes* (*a* as in *fat*, *o* as in *not*, *e* as in *get*) was indicated by Buchanan (1757), Johnston (1764), Kenrick (1773), Perry (1777), Sheridan (1780), Scott (1797), and Knowles (1835).

relay.—"F. C. H.," Oklahoma City, Okla. —The dictionary records two pronunciations for the noun *relay—ri-lé'* and *ri'le* (in the first, *i* as in *habit;* in the second, *i* as in *police;* in both, *e* as in *prey*). In telephone practise, the word is commonly pronounced with the accent on the first syl-ble.


"Because," says Host Ohmer,
"It is SO EASY to write
on an UNDERWOOD"
WESTERN VIEW FARM EMPLOYS NO PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER. WHY SHOULD WE WHEN IT IS SO EASY FOR OUR GUESTS TO WRITE THEIR OWN LETTERS ON AN UNDERWOOD? • • • • •
UNDERWOOD

Ted Ohmer, host of Western View Farm, New Milford, Conn. Note his novel method of inviting guests of Western View Farm to do their own typing on an Underwood Portable Typewriter.

THE SIGN alongside the Underwood in the cheery living room of Western View Farm points to a characteristic that has made the Underwood Typewriter the world's leading writing machine...Typing Ease.

The fact is anyone who can write can type on an Underwood Portable. There are no confusing gadgets to mystify untutored fingers. All operating parts are close to the keyboard where they belong. The famous exclusive Champion Keyboard, adds to comfort and speed as well as ease. And refinements in manufacturing have made it Quieter!

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UNDERWOOD PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

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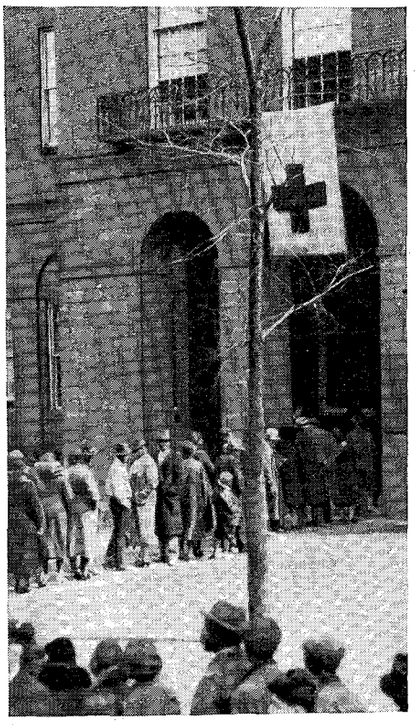
HELPING HAND EVER-READY IN DISASTER

Red Cross Again Planning Relief Work in War and Peace



Acme

The Red Cross—ready at a moment's notice to rush relief where needed

Twenty thousand people stand breathless. Dimly in the distance, then louder and louder, roar the pounding waters of the muddy Conemaugh, racing down the fertile valley.

For forty-seven years, Johnstown has remembered that sound—since the day in 1889 when those waters snuffed out more than 2,200 lives. Now terror rides again. "Flood!" scream mothers, snatching children from their cradles. "Flood!" yell fathers, frantic for the safety of their families.

As disaster breaks, one spot bristles with efficient action. The Red Cross is prepared, as always, to save from disease, starvation, and death the thousands in danger.

Split seconds after the first alarm, workers shoot into waiting trucks and ambulances food, medical supplies, emergency bedding, and clothing. Trained volunteers rush to danger spots—Boy Scouts for messenger service, husky laborers to dig trenches, stretcher-bearers, cooks, and first-aid experts.

Prompt Response—Then, over the last remaining telephone wire, goes the call to national headquarters in Washington: "It's too big for us; send help." Trucks loaded with freshly sterilized medical instruments, pneumonia jackets, mosquito netting, flashlights, field electrical equipment, rubber boots, roll out of the Capital.

When the trucks arrive, supplies are immediately unloaded. Sufferers are cared for and the homeless made comfortable.

They stop for nothing; they flash through lines no other vehicle may pass—not even the United States mail-trucks.

Spending the $682,400,000 donated by the American public to the Red Cross since 1904 on such undertakings as this has required thoughtful planning and close coordination. Last week, 2,000 of the nation's 3,800,000 adult Red Cross members gathered in the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, largest in the world, to plan still greater efficiency.

In the Louis XIV Grand Ballroom, light from ten crystal chandeliers from Paris glistened on walls of smooth Italian travertin marble, as the Convention opened. Presiding was Admiral Cary Travers Grayson, horse-raising Chairman of the organization, the physician with whom President Woodrow Wilson joked on his death-bed.

On the second day came a message from the Red Cross President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He cited early relief activities, and said: "You in the Red Cross would laugh at the idea of using such obsolete methods to-day."

Record of Effort—Memories of those hectic early days blaze from the pages of Red Cross pioneer Ernest P. Bicknell's recollections.*

When at 5:13 in the morning of April 18, 1906, every clock in San Francisco stopped, the first great catastrophe after the chartering of the Red Cross by the Government, began.

The Golden Gate City, her thousands made homeless by the great earthquake and fire, cried out for help. Bicknell rushed to the spot. He was appalled by the scene.

"In some wooden shacks," he recalls, in describing the human misery, "the rain simply poured in, and, as there were no floors, the ground was soaked and muddy. Bedding was sodden, and so was the clothing.

"In one tent were a woman and two children, the woman sick with neuralgia, the rain spattering in a mist through the canvas, until the bed-clothes were very damp. She said an Army officer had promised to send a doctor three days before, but he hadn't come yet. . . .

Distress Relieved—"I got a doctor for the sick woman. Then I came home, and had the maid make a pot of coffee—a big pot—and a lot of sandwiches. We had no meat, and no milk. . . ."

In spite of handicaps, however, the Red Cross raised $3,087,000 to relieve the suffering in San Francisco.

Some forty-seven years before this the first hint of the Red Cross idea had appeared in a pamphlet written by a Swiss citizen to describe unnecessary suffering of wounded men left lying on the field following the Battle of Solferino, in which Napoleon III and the Sardinians defeated the Austrians. An international conference spread the idea.

Then, in 1881, Clara Barton, who had resigned a clerkship in Washington to become a nurse in the War Between the States, organized the American Red Cross. But she gave the idea a radical twist—and proposed to treat victims of peace-time disasters, as well as those of war.

The movement has since gained such support in America that it now claims 7,750,000 junior members, which, added to the adults, make a total of 11,750,000 members, divided among 3,711 chapters with 9,112 branches.

Notable Relief—The record of achievement follows disasters all over the world. Of first rank in expenditures are: 1913, Ohio floods, $2,470,000; 1915, European War relief, $1,400,000; 1923, Japanese earthquake, $10,000,000; 1926, Florida hurricane, $4,400,000; 1927, Mississippi flood, $17,000,000; 1928, West Indian hurricane, $6,000,000; 1930-'31, drought relief (twenty-three States), $10,500,000; 1936, floods and tornadoes, $7,500,000 (still continuing). World War activities after America's entrance top them all, with $400,000,000 spent in cash and materials.

To carry on the work, 724 paid employees now labor in the United States, and six in its possessions, for salaries ranging from $600 to $7,200 a year.

Foreign aid in time of disaster is usually in the form of money. Often when word flashes over press cables, cash goes out before any request for aid is received.

But in spite of the most efficient plans, the routine that ran off smoothly in Johnstown has not always worked so well. In 1934, wire services hummed with stories of suffering in a Midwest flood.

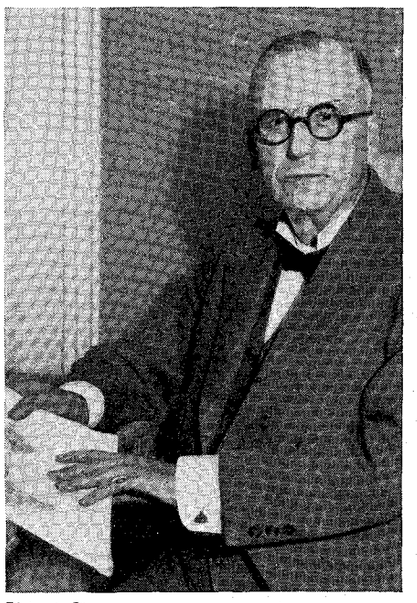
Volunteer workers, touched by the tales, rushed to the spot. Every train brought more and more. Hundreds came in their own cars to help. Finally the chief problem of the local Red Cross became that of feeding the 3,600 volunteers who had sped to the scene to aid the 2,000 victims.

*"Pioneering with the Red Cross," by Ernest P. Bicknell; The Macmillan Company.

FLAT VOLIVA His Bank-Roll Is of the Shape He Ascribes to the Earth

Down streets of staid clapboard houses swept by Lake Michigan's breeze, citizens of Zion, Illinois, last week paused with faltering step to exchange morning greetings. To the Apostolic Christian Church colony's full measure of depression wo, its frock-coated, crusading overseer had added his personal financial embarrassment.

Wilbur Glenn Voliva, sixty-six, still



Pictures, Inc.

Wilbur Glenn Voliva—ran eighty-three cents to half a million dollars, in the wrong direction

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thoroughly convinced the world was as flat as a pancake, filed a schedule with the United States District Court in Chicago listing assets at $1,236,460 and liabilities at $1,756,506. The petition was accompanied by a composition offer asking 51 per cent. of his creditors to agree to a five-year extension to avoid bankruptcy.

An involuntary petition in bankruptcy was filed against Voliva in May, 1933. At the same time a separate involuntary petition was filed against Zion Institutions and Industries. This corporation is now thriving under Voliva's Presidency.

Last week's action was in the nature of a friendly offer to settle the personal action, which has not been pressed by creditors. Indications were that it would be accepted.

With Zion going into receivership in 1933, Voliva saw his gradual decline in political power.

In April, 1934, political enemies elected their School Board candidates, beating him for the first time in twenty-three years. Last year they elected their candidates in a sweep of city offices.

Uncertain Flock—Zion's faithful were not so sure last week that Voliva was through, politically or financially. Despite his eccentric views, the dapper Overseer is as hard as nails in money matters.

This he showed in 1906 by saving Zion from the receivership into which it was plunged by its founder, John Alexander Dowie. Dowie, a Scotch circuit-rider and faith-healer, bought 6,500 acres of lake-front property forty-five miles northwest of Chicago with $1,250,000 collected in a tabernacle at the World's Fair, set up Zion City, later shortened to Zion, in 1901.

Hard days followed a boom period. Dowie lost $300,000 in an ill-fated soul-saving expedition to New York; banks, industries tottered. He resorted to receivership to save the community, called home from Australia young Voliva, missionary and disciple, whom he promptly made Deputy Overseer.

In 1907 Dowie died, leaving his throne to Voliva and Zion tied up tight by receivers.

The new Overseer moved to the outskirts with only eighty-three cents in his pocket, put up a huge tent, called his faithful, and collected funds. By 1910 he had $1,137,000, and through gradual deals had bought back all of Zion's property.

Defiant Leader—Zion boomed with the rest of the country in the 1920's. In 1927 its industries were valued at $4,277,051. So flush was Voliva that five years ago, stroking his baldish head, he boasted:

"I'm worth $10,000,000. I own everything in Zion: factories, land, department stores. I made $100,000 last year out of my Zion Fig Bars alone. Any manager who doesn't make a profit I fire. I won't permit any red figures. If you stripped me of all my money, I would be a millionaire again within five years."

Soon after, the depression hit Zion harder than any gale off Lake Michigan ever did.

Voliva lost control of Zion Institutions and Industries, which operated lace-factories, a bakery, a printing-plant, a dairy, a candy-factory, and other businesses. Last July he retrieved some lost ground by gaining its Presidency.

Still Overseer of the Church, Voliva last week laid the groundwork for his ...ome-back, called the faithful, and an...nced: "I'll drive out those seventh-...idiots yet."

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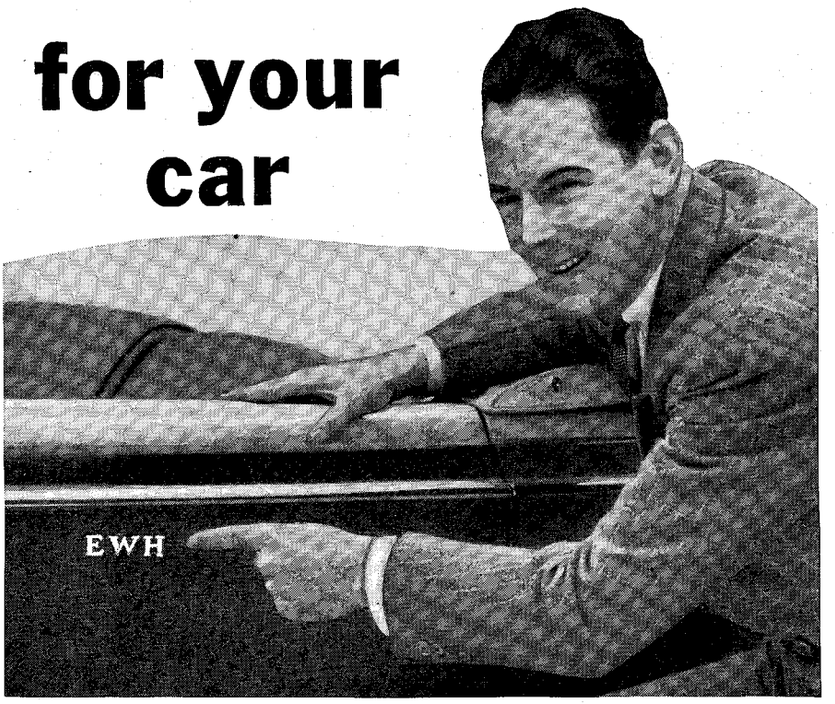

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DEALERS: *Write for tags for your stock. Give inventory.*

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Off-Side

Needle Surgery—Mrs. Wallace Powell of Washington, D. C., sews fish. Recently someone knocked over her goldfish bowl. Her pet fish, badly cut, seemingly held together only by its spine, lay dying. Rushing to her work-basket, she grasped needle and white thread and was soon stitching him together "just as if I were mending a pair of pants." Five minutes later, the fish was back in water. Within an hour he was moving about. By the end of the week he had completely recovered.

* * *

Witch Doctoring—Among 462 cures suggested to Robert F. Milton, seventy-six-year-old farmer of Blue Springs, Missouri, who has been hiccoughing for five years, were: tea made from the inner lining of a chicken gizzard, chew ordinary school crayon and swallow a little at a time, hold the ears and take nine sips of rainwater, and bind sliced Irish potatoes to the stomach.

* * *

Spacious Comfort—A pair of shoes, size 39, was turned down by Robert Wadlow, eighteen-year-old giant of Alton, Illinois, because they pinched his feet.

* * *

Getting to It All—For those anxious to get away from it all, Delegate Samuel W. King, of Hawaii, suggests the Pacific island of Palmyra. Here coconuts are plentiful and huge crabs, tender as chicken, not only conveniently climb the trees for the nuts, but can be easily captured afterward by tapping them on the head with one.

* * *

Ambitious Floridians—Florida citizens who go to the polls June 2 to vote in the Democratic primary will face a ballot four feet long and three columns wide. There are fourteen candidates for Governor, 101 for other State offices, aspirants to Congress, candidates for delegate to the National Convention and local offices, making in some counties a total of nearly 300 names.

* * *

Feminine Rights—To help induce women of Berkeley, California, to submit to universal volunteer finger-printing, Police Chief J. A. Greening promises they won't have to give their right age.

* * *

Hot Salesmanship—Before buying new fire-extinguishers, J. L. Webb, Assistant Manager of a Cleveland furniture company, asked for a demonstration. The salesman built a bonfire. A spark set Webb's pants on fire. He ripped them off and ran to cover. Result: "No Sale."

* * *

Highway Chivalry—George Shaw of Ogden, Utah, charged with running by a stop sign, won a two-day, suspended sentence, when he explained to the judge, "There were two ladies with me, which made the front seat crowded. I was too modest to reach over and shift gears."

* * *

A Real Warning—City Manager John Cookingham of Saginaw, Michigan, suggests instead of "stop street" signs, ones reading "stop, or pay $5."

* * *

No Insult—Tibetan peasants think it good form to greet foreigners and nobility by sticking out their tongues and keeping them there for a minute or two.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR (Nature's Remedy)**, as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective — works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.

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Labor

ELECTION BLOC Union Leaders Notify Roosevelt He Can Bank on Their 532,000 Votes

When John L. Lewis, leonine President of the United Mine Workers of America, booms out an edict, 400,000 members of his union take heed.

Sidney Hillman, who was a member of the National Industrial Recovery Board that ran the NRA, presides over 100,000 members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

George L. Berry, who holds a non-salaried Federal post as Coordinator for Industrial Progress, is head of the Printing Pressmen's Union, with 32,000 members.

A few weeks ago these three powerful labor leaders joined forces to form the Non-Partizan League. Last week they called on President Roosevelt to tell him that they would back him to the limit in the 1936 campaign.

Partizan Non-Partizans—"There is nothing neutral about the League," they declared. "We accept the challenge of the several organizations that have come into existence which have for their objective the defeat of the President. We are neither afraid, bashful, nor timid in our determination to contribute to the complete unmasking of the offensives of the Manufacturers' Association, the Liberty League, the so-called Grass Roots Democrats of the South, or any other such organizations formed to defeat the President."

More than 30,000 individual officials, many State Federations of Labor, and central bodies and members of local trade-unions have committed themselves to the League's program. More than 4,000 speakers will carry it to every State, working out of headquarters established in a Washington hotel.

The loyalty to President Roosevelt does not encompass his Party. Major Berry is a lifelong Democrat, but Mr. Lewis is a Republican who supported Herbert Hoover in 1932, and Mr. Hillman has been an independent in politics while his union was the mainstay of the Socialist Party.

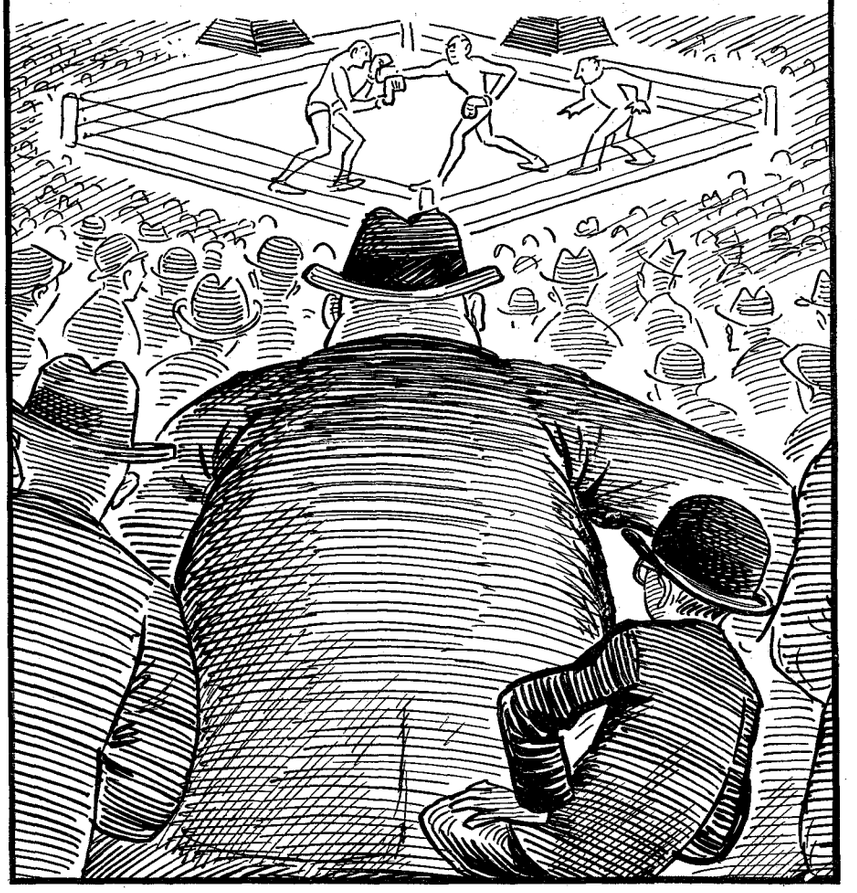
Altho the unions represented by the League are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, their action runs counter to the Federation's vow not to mix in party politics. That vow was recently renewed, but William Green, the Federation's President, pledged his personal allegiance to President Roosevelt.

Meanwhile, in defiance of the Federation's official aloofness, and without waiting for the Republicans to produce a labor plank, other labor groups scramble for a place on the Roosevelt band-wagon.

Labor Press Reaction—Impressive as the figures look, comment culled from the labor press does not back up the confident assertion of the Tacoma (Wash.) *Labor Advocate* that "labor is all but a unit for the reelection of Roosevelt."

While it feels that the "League's existence is a guaranty of Roosevelt's election," the *Labor Record* (Philadelphia) predicts that "a real battle of principles will begin in 1940, when the Non-Partizan League, whose leaders are in the main privately committed to the establishment of a Labor Party at that time or shortly before, will [illegible] the necessity of making a decision to

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND."



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SOMETIMES, we think we ought to warn smokers that Briggs Pipe Mixture is like the Northwest Mounted Police. It always gets its man!

Actually, something like nine out of every ten men who try this delightful blend, are captured without a struggle.

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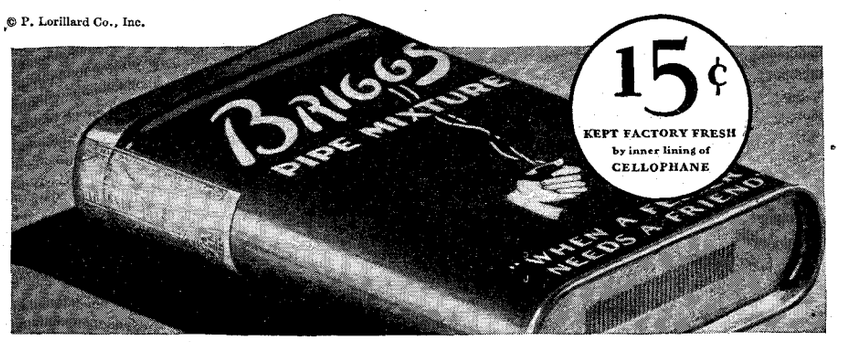

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that effect, or support the Roosevelt heir, should he be a bit liberal and the Republican Party still Bourbon."

And the Kenosha (Wis.) *Labor* is skeptical, accusing the League of "building on quicksand in staking its hopes on a dubiously liberal individual whose Party must depend upon Bourbons."

The Industrial Worker (Chicago) observes cynically that the League "should have indorsed the Liberty League to carry out the traditions of its founders."

U. S. "Fuehrer"—To the Reading (Pa.) *Labor* Advocate, the Berry-Lewis-Hillman tactics may make organized labor the "favorite child of an American 'Fuehrer.'"

The Communist *Daily Worker* (New York) considers their support for the President "an error, inasmuch as Roosevelt is no barrier to the main reactionary forces."

The United Mine Workers' Journal (Washington) stands its ground for the League.

Record Approved—"It is but natural that labor should . . . work for the reelection of President Roosevelt and that labor leaders of various political parties should direct its activities because President Roosevelt has done more for the workers of this country regardless of party than any other President," it echoes the miners' leader.

"Look at the record: national recovery, relief, public works, social security, old age pensions, unemployment insurance, coal regulation, abolishment of injunctions in labor disputes, benefits to farmers, labor's right to organize and collective bargaining.

"That record calls for labor's unanimous support."

ROUGH WEATHER Ill Winds Blow Along Water-Front as Shipowners and Seamen Fight

A feeble old sailor, born in Norway, tosses on his cot in a Washington hospital, too ill to respond to rumblings of labor strife along the Atlantic coast. If he could, he would raise his high-pitched voice against radicalism on the docks.

A fiery young longshoreman, born in Australia, fumes in San Francisco, impatiently waiting the latest word of the same strife.

If he had his way, the forces of the Left would rule ship and dock unions at Atlantic seaports as they do on the Pacific.

The old man is Andy Furuseth, President of the International Seamen's Union. Fifty-one years ago, in the dim back room of a San Francisco saloon, he dedicated himself to the task of improving conditions for ship-workers. He steered a careful, conservative course.

The young man is Harry Bridges, President of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific.

Opponents of old-line leadership in water-front unions rallied around him two years ago in the militant movement which exploded in the San Francisco general strike.

Opposites—Altho David E. Grange, tall Negro Vice-President of the I.S.U., carries on Furuseth's work, Furuseth and Bridges personify the extremes in the smoldering situation which flared twice in New York last week.

On Monday night, police clashed with pickets who had been marching with American flags and denunciatory banners along the docks for two months under the shadow of the West Side Elevated Highway.

Bricks, stones, and bottles were strewn about, and police-clubs wielded.

About 250 dungaree-clad sailors took a ride to police-stations.

On Wednesday, 275 Europe-bound passengers chafed while Federal inspectors held up the sailing of the liner *President Roosevelt* to examine the certificates of each crew member, on demand of striking seamen.

After an hour and a half the ship was cleared, with a clean bill of health. Papers showed that the crew more than met the law's requirements.

Charges of the strikers that forged certificates are sold to men sailing on American ships led, late last week, to a demand by the International Mercantile Marine Company for a Federal investigation.

Cooperation by the steamship companies in such an inquiry was assured by A. J. McCarthy, Vice-President in charge of Operations of the I. M. M.

Recently sixty strikers went to Washington and charged that the steamship companies countenance the practise of accepting forged certificates.

"I have no doubt," said Mr. McCarthy, "that some certificates have been sold, but I know that they represent a very small share of the certificates used by the men who are going to sea to-day on American ships. Whatever the problem we want to have it cleared up."

The strike which provoked these incidents is more a family fight between the Left and Right Wings of marine unionism than a clear-cut controversy between shipowners and the unions.

Schedule Disrupted—Early in March, while leaders of the I.S.U., an American Federation of Labor affiliate, were dickering with Eastern shipowners over wages and working conditions, a rank-and-file group led by Joseph Curran, who looks like a college full-back, and admires Bridges, delayed the liner *California* three days at San Pedro by a "sit-down" strike.

When the *California* finally arrived in New York, steamship-company officials fined and discharged the men whom they accused of "mutiny."

New Contract—Meanwhile, union leaders in New York had signed a new contract with shipowners, without a referendum to the men, which gave them conditions less favorable than those prevailing on the West Coast.

Charging they had been blacklisted, Curran and his followers picketed the *California's* pier. They induced others to join a drive to win an agreement which would measure up to the one in effect for Pacific seamen. The strike grew. Curran claimed that 4,500 men had quit work on forty-five ships. The I.S.U. outlawed the strike, helped the shipowners recruit other union men to fill the posts vacated (which they estimated at no more than 1,200), and expelled Curran and eighteen strike-leaders.

Men high in the councils of the I.S.U. and shipping officials unite in charging that radicals are trying to injure shipping and disrupt the union in a "rule-or-ruin" policy, with aid and legal advice from Communists, and in maintaining that the agreement reached between the union and shipowners last month is fair, and made in good faith.

The strikers deny that they are Communists, accuse the I.S.U. leaders of "selling out," and insist that ships are being cleared improperly manned, endangering safety at sea.

Picture—In this cross-fire, what of the "average seaman," the man about whom the "labor tides swirl"? Hanson W. Baldwin draws one word-picture of him in *The New York Times Magazine*.

The composite character is single, about twenty-eight or thirty, with several years' experience on the blue water. He is no ignoramus; he can read, write, and sign his name. He gets from $40 to $62.50 a month. His quarters—tho they may be pretty stuffy—are defined by law. His food is free, and, generally, not too bad. He reads adventures and sea-stories.

"Long an individualist, to-day he is certainly more class-conscious," Mr. Baldwin winds up, "and certainly less disciplined. He is not nearly so well versed in even the rudiments of seamanship as the old tar of the clipper-ship era.

"For the rule of the marlin-spike and the rope's end—the rule of fear—has gone forever from the forecastle, and, with it, has gone a great deal of the discipline that should be the inexorable law of every ship.

"And, with it, too, has gone much of the joy of achievement, the pride in the ship as in a living being."

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Strike scene: Crew members of the Panama-Pacific steamer, "California," including Joseph Curran (right), explain their case to reporters

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Sport and Sportsmen

WILD IRISH Limerick Team Plays Championship Hurling in America

Arm a crowd of thirty hefty Irishmen with clubs, throw in a ball for them to whack at, and you should have a game to satisfy even the most easily bored sports fan.

Eliminate substitutions and time out except for death or fatal injury, keep the play going continuously for two thirty-minute periods, and you should have a game that not only satisfies the customer but pulls him out of his seat with excitement.

Those, roughly, are the essentials of hurling, one of Ireland's two national games and one of the roughest sports in the world. That such essentials do appeal was proved last Sunday, when almost 50,000 spectators crowded Yankee Stadium, New York City, to watch the best Irish-American fifteen lose, 16 to 9, to Limerick, All-Ireland champions.

Battle-Scars—It takes a fine broth of a lad to play this wild Irish game. It takes condition and courage and skill, and a fine disregard for such trivialities as black eyes, broken fingers, and ugly bruises.

In all four requirements probably no team in the world is better fortified than Limerick, which will play New York again in Yankee Stadium before starting a tour of the larger Eastern and Midwestern cities. In three years Limerick has played more than forty games and lost one.

In the ancient tradition of hurling, Limerick also occupies a prominent position. Sean Og Hanley, the Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones of the Irish game, was a Limerick forward at the turn of the century. Tradition counts heavily in hurling, and the lads wield their hurleys lustily to emulate the deeds of their fathers.

Tradition Rules—Limerick's victory over the American team, all of whom are Irish-born, was not surprizing. Only twice in the twelve-year history of the international matches have American teams defeated All-Ireland champions. America won in 1924 in Ireland, and divided the 1934 series with Kilkenny in New York.

Accompanying the hurlers this year is the Cavan All-Ireland Gaelic football championship team, also matched in a two-game series with a selected New York group. Gaelic football has a slightly stronger foothold in Ireland, but to Americans the hurling game has far more risks and thrills.

To the spectator watching his first hurling match, the reason for the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes suddenly becomes clear. Irish hospitals, he thinks, must be crowded to overflowing with hurling players. And there is reason why he should think so.

At first glance the game is one of the wildest, most abandoned variations of homicide ever devised by man. The players, fifteen on a side, are armed with treacherous, curved clubs that look like sawed-off hockey sticks. Their object is to wallop a ball about the size of a baseball through goal-posts located at the ends of a field 180 yards long and eighty-four yards wide.

And wallop it they do, on the ground, in the air, backward and forward, never stopping for rest until the thirty-minute period is ended or until some player has

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BEECHIES . . . another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

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By CHARLES EARLE FUNK

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Frank Meehan Photo

Hurling—Ireland's most ancient game, and the cause of many a broken head

to be carried off. It is a dull game indeed that produces no injuries.

But the amazing feature of hurling is that it has hardly ever produced a fatality. When a defense man retrieves the ball, or slitter, as it is appropriately named, he whacks it down-field with a tremendous swipe that may carry it a hundred yards.

At midfield a swarm of players are waiting to swing on the ball in mid-air. Swing they do, to the accompaniment of splintering ash and the deeper thud of wood on body or head. But usually, when the apprehensive witness to this reckless mayhem opens his eyes, he is amazed to find them all still alive.

Sympathy Scant—The true hurling fan or player thinks it not at all amazing that none of the participants in this furious mêlée has suffered more than a split forehead or possibly a broken nose. And even those minor wounds were probably due to the player's own carelessness.

Skill, the expert asserts, is what makes hurling such a fine game to watch and such a comparatively safe game to play. The average cautious American would probably back away when he saw a vicious-looking hurley approaching his head. But the expert would know enough to rush in close, and in so doing would escape being crowned with the end of the stick.

Then, too, there is science in the use of the hurley as a protection. Of course, a hurley is easily shattered by an opponent's blow, and there is the possibility of losing finger-nails and skin if the blow is not met squarely. But in a pinch the curved-ash shillalah is fair insurance against a broken skull.

Any other protection is contrary to Irish tradition. Occasionally a player will hide a pair of shin-guards under his socks. If they are detected by the opposition, not even St. Patrick can stem the steady rain of blows from his indignant opponents.

Little Quarreling—If casualties are high in this lusty sport, sportsmanship is even higher. Unlike professional ice-hockey, fights between players are rare, probably because Irishmen hurl for the sheer love of the game. All players are amateurs.

Then what, the cynical outsider asks, is the reason for all this splitting of lips, and barking of shins, and breaking of arms and legs? What impulse could induce a perfectly normal and intact individual to rush voluntarily into a flying forest of hurleys at risk of perhaps permanent injury?

The answer goes far back into Irish legend and continues through the stormy history of Ireland's fight for freedom. For over 3,000 years Irishmen have cherished the memory of Cuchulain, first of the great hurling players.

Legend has it that Cuchulain ran nine miles across the plains of Leinster, bouncing a ball on the blade of his hurley, or caman. His feat gained favor with the pagan queen, Tailti, and it was from her patronage of the sport that hurling achieved its great interest among Irishmen.

However the sport really originated, hurling has been one of the principal expressions of Ireland's intense nationalism. The famous Statute of Kilkenny in 1366 sought, among other things, to stamp out native Irish sports. But it was never enforced and never was a real threat to the ancient game of hurling.

Alien Influence—By the 1870's, however, Anglicization of Ireland had reached what true Irishmen regarded as an alarming condition. The language, the customs, and even the native pastimes were giving place to British substitutes. Cricket, the sons of Erin decided, was no fit substitute for hurling and Gaelic football.

To preserve the national game, the Gaelic Athletic Association was formed in 1884. Almost overnight interest in hurling revived. With every swipe of their formidable hurleys the zealous patriots fancied they were assaulting not the ball but an Englishman.

From the original association there has developed one of the largest amateur organizations in the world. While possibly more people play Gaelic football, in Ireland alone approximately one million of its more than four million population play hurling virtually from the cradle to the grave. Hurling in Ireland occupies the place held by baseball in this country.

Spread to America—The game has spread to the Argentine, but its strongest foreign representation is in the United States. Nearly 200 teams in the Eastern and Middle Western Division of the Gaelic Athletic Association play games every Sunday during the spring.

On foreign soil the clash of the ash is sweet music to a homesick Irishman. The minor injuries and complete exhaustion that accompany it mean little, for he is carrying on a tradition almost as old as the Old Country itself.

As for its dangers, most players regard them as does Wedger Meagher, Sports Editor of the *Irish Echo*, and a hurling survivor.

"It's a mild game," says Mr. Meagher. "You hardly ever see a man killed."

LUCK—OR ELSE The Good Sportsman Must Take Advantage of the "Breaks"

No matter what the conditions under which an athletic contest is played, the average sports follower is invariably well stocked with elaborate alibis after his favorite has lost a close one.

Whether he indignantly yells "We was robbed!" or resignedly murmurs "We didn't get the breaks," he is certain that the determining factor is luck. And he is usually right.

"Breaks" play a prominent part in horse-racing, probably the most uncertain of all sports. Flying Ebony, winner of the 1925 Kentucky Derby, was a horse noted for its speed on a muddy track. But jockeys wonder if Flying Ebony would have won if it hadn't started to rain just as the horses paraded to the barrier.

Unlucky Ball Team—In baseball, too, luck counts heavily. The St. Louis Browns never have won a pennant in thirty-four years of trying. In 1922 it was within their grasp. The unexpected illness of their star first-baseman, George H. Sisler, made them lose a "set-up" series to Washington that cost, by one game, the championship of the American League.

In the recent Albany-to-New York motor-boat race, Gar Wood, Jr., was fifteen minutes ahead of the field and within sight of the finish line when his fragile outboard crashed into a piece of driftwood and overturned.

In the 1935 Ohio State-Notre Dame football game the electric clock showed the game ended with Ohio State leading, 13-12. But officials referred to their own watches and during the few seconds they allowed play to continue, Notre Dame made another touchdown and won, 18-13.

Expert's View—"In any close, evenly-fought contest," writes Grantland Rice in his widely syndicated column, "the game usually goes with the breaks."

In golf, Rice comments, during ten years of competition, Horton Smith has won more than twenty-five important tournaments from the players who annually feature in the United States Open Championship. But Smith has never won an Open tournament.

Twenty-six years ago Macdonald Smith tied for the same championship, and since then has won more than thirty big tournaments from the pick of the field. But he, too, never has won the elusive Open championship. Both players have the skill, the brains, and the courage necessary to win it!

"It's the average that tells the only story worth writing," concludes Rice, referring to the second-raters. "The major factor is still this—how can they handle the luck that comes to them—good or bad? How many can take the break of the game as it happens to fall—and take this break as a part of sport?"

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SPORT SHOTS

Rough Transition—When William Lawson Little, Jr., 1934-'35 American and British amateur champion, turned professional last April, the gentlemen who play golf for money predicted he would find their business "a tough racket."

Last week Little surprized skeptics and well-wishers alike by failing even to qualify for his first real test in the "tough racket," the National Open Championship to be played in June.

* * *

"Dead," But Lively—In a recent race at the Bay Meadows track, San Mateo, California, Ralph Neves, nineteen-year-old jockey, tumbled heavily from his mount and was pronounced dead. Adrenalin was administered. Twenty-four hours later Neves, fully recovered, rode several money-winning horses at the track.

* * *

Effigy and Reality—Training in a gymnasium, Petey Sarron, Syrian boxer, grinned when he accidentally dislodged from the wall a picture of Freddie Miller, a fighter who had beaten him three times. Last week in Washington, D. C., Sarron grinned even wider as his fists dislodged Miller from the world's featherweight championship.

* * *

Rare Qualifications—One of America's most exclusive clubs has in twenty-five years admitted only eighteen men who have met its lone entrance requirement. Next Monday the club will formally welcome four newcomers who last year fulfilled that requirement by completing the 500-mile Indianapolis automobile race at an average speed of 100 miles an hour or better.

* * *

Baseball International—During its ninety-seven-year history, baseball has come to be known as the "American National Game," not only because an American invented it, but because for years its leading exponents were of native origin.

In a recent check-up of major league rosters, the Detroit *News* discovered that no fewer than twenty-eight nationalities are represented, including, in addition to the Scandinavian, players of Bohemian, Dutch, Welsh, Norwegian, Hungarian, and Portuguese descent.

* * *

Breaking the Brakes—Twelve thoroughbred trotting horses took turns dragging Mrs. Florence Evans Dibble's glittering cream-and-red coach 118 miles from New York to Atlantic City, New Jersey, last week at an average speed of eleven and three-quarters miles an hour, a new record. No equipment was damaged except the brakes, which were completely worn out twenty-six miles from the finish.

* * *

Boomerang Fines—Batters on the St. Louis Cardinals' baseball team who fail to drive home a runner from third base with one out or none out, are fined $5 under a new ruling established by Manager Frank Frisch. Among the first contributors to the fund was Frisch, who recently fined himself $10 for hitting into a double play with the bases filled.

* * *

Call for Fish Dentist—If the fish refuse to bite, maybe they've got a toothache. Scientists recently discovered that fish often suffer from a painful condition known as mottled enamel, resulting in soft or decayed teeth, and causing them to lose interest in even the most alluring fly.

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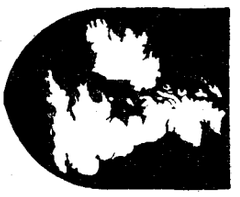

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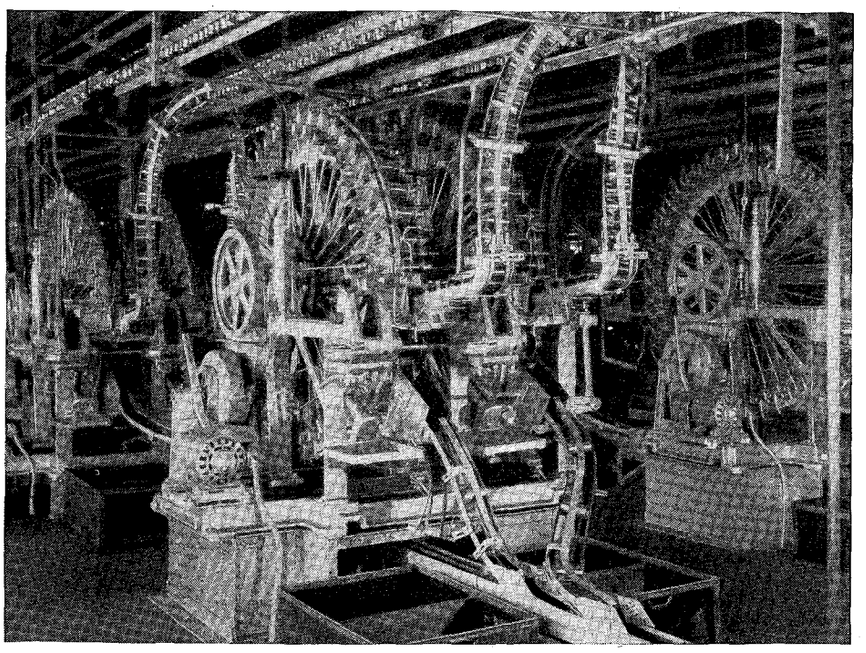
TIN CANS BY THE BILLIONS FOR AMERICA

One of Two Largest Companies Marketing Stock for Expansion



Conveyer-belts carry the cans to air-testers, to prove their merit

As confusing as a Cubist painting is the interior of a tin can manufacturing plant, as noisy as the clatter of cavalry, and as blinding as the sun's glare.

On conveyer-belts running from ceiling to floor race glistening objects that change form rapidly as they pass from machine to machine. Tin plates rattle, cans clink, wheels buzz, pistons race up and down, air escapes pressure with a sizzle in this bewildering metal maze.

But the visitor may observe the precision that underlies the process as he watches thin tin plate make the round and come out in the shape of cans. He doesn't doubt that a modern plant with fifteen can lines can turn out 7,000,000 cans in twenty-four hours—each line can and does turn out from 300 to 325 cans a minute during busy seasons.

Enormous Output—His experience in buying drugs, groceries, automobile oil, paints, and varnishes has taught him that the tin can has become an inescapable part of his daily life.

He may be surprized when he finds out that statistical services estimate—for official figures are not complete in this close-mouthed industry—production in the United States at 12 billion cans yearly, which equals about ninety-four units for each man, woman, and child in the country.

The lion's share of this vast business, nearly 70 per cent. by volume, falls into the hands of two giant industrials, American Can and Continental Can.

Then comes National Can, with some few hundred smaller firms struggling for the remainder.

With about 45 per cent. of total output rolling off its conveyer-lines, American Can tops Continental Can by a good margin. But the smaller company has been coming fast during the last decade and within a few years has moved its output up from a third of American's to about one-half.

This month, to raise $10,238,000 for further expansion, Continental offered its stockholders 177,679 shares of common stock at $60 a share, some twelve points below current market prices. Until May 25, shareholders may accept the offer, buying one new share for each fifteen shares held.

Continental Can broke its egg-shell in 1904 after the dominating American Can, an amalgamation of more than 100 companies, encouraged new ventures by boosting can prices. The new company soon acquired the Campbell Soups business, still its biggest customer and the world's largest can user.

From this beginning Continental spread slowly, growing more and more into the second dominant unit in the industry during the 1920's.

In 1928, it acquired the third biggest company, United States Can, and with it Oscar Caperton Huffman, now Continental's President, who developed his company from a small plant he started in 1903 in Virginia.

On Mr. Huffman's shoulders and on the equally broad ones of Carle Cotter Conway, Board Chairman, rest Continental policies, which resulted in its becoming one of the first major industrials to better its peak predepression earnings record. Against net earnings of $8,960,000 in 1929, it earned $10,700,000 in 1934 and $11,200,000 last year, after falling to $4,800,000 in 1932.

Napoleonic Origin—Necessity sired the food container, just as it fathered many other inventions. France, at war with nearly all Europe in 1795, faced the problem of supplying her tall-masted privateers with wholesome provisions sufficient to last crews for months at sea.

The Revolutionary Government offered 12,000 francs for a method of keeping foods fresh and healthful for long periods, but it wasn't until 1809 that Napoleon's Empire awarded the prize to one Nicholas Appert, who three years later founded his own packing firm, using crude glass containers.

Even before this, Peter Durand obtained a patent in England for the making of "tin canisters" out of a rough kind of tin plate.

Early methods were crude, but not unlike the process used by housewives of later days in their own kitchens—packing food containers, heating them in hot water, driving off air with the heat, and sealing the food with paper or rubber against the air. Now most canned food is sealed in air-tight cans before being processed or heated.

In this country the War Between the States added emphasis to a group of localized companies, making up a loose industry in which producers made their own cans, mostly by hand, and packed their own food.

Business Simplified—Now the big can companies make and sell their own containers, but their interest in the products that fill them lies in the stimulus their use gives to can sales.

They do no packaging or canning themselves, which may be a reason they came through the depression with profits, while some can companies were taking a licking.

Continental Can's output breaks into two divisions, with the bigger part of sales made in the "packers'" cans used for the packaging of various food products. Many of its forty-three plants occupy strategic positions in quantity crop areas throughout the country, for low freight rates are important to canners and speed of delivery is essential when crops come to quick maturity. A canner's rush order because his crop exceeds estimates must be met *pronto*.

In the "general line" division, Continental makes containers for such products as paint, varnish, lard, drugs, oil, and, more recently, beer and ale.

Demand for beer enclosed in its stubby tin containers with the regulation beer bottle cap rose smartly after the company began production last fall.

By mid-year it expects to have capacity up to 100,000,000 cans a month.

Diversified Appearance—While packers' cans conform to widely adopted standards, general line containers mustn't look alike. Many are lithographed and their value depends on display quality and convenience.

Continental Can's technicians will cooperate, for instance, with a tooth powder manufacturer in working out a container that catches the eye and has an easily workable outlet.

A prominent manufacturer puts out his tooth-powder in such a can with a ball-and-swivel top.

Characteristic of the industry, Continental keeps mum about certain of its business affairs.

Only recently, with the filing of a registration statement with the Securities and Exchange Commission, has it revealed net sales to outside customers, which reached nearly $81,000,000 in 1935. Such things as profits on each can or the number of cans produced yearly are not for the outside world.

But even with these secrets revealed the

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can industry would offer many obstacles to new competitors.

Price wars, such as the cut-throat tactics that disorganize the tire industry, never ripple through the can business. Most of the industry draws the tin plate from which the cans are made from the steel industry, altho a Continental subsidiary supplies half of Continental's requirements.

Composition of Metal—The tin plate is not tin, in part. It is 98½ per cent. steel with a 1½ per cent. coating of tin. It comes in base boxes of 100 pounds, selling since January, 1934, at $5.25 a box.

In packers' lines, and often in general lines, can makers base prices on quotations set by the steel companies for the plate, advancing or lowering them in proportion to changes in tin plate costs. On the basis of the $5.25 base box price, 1,000 No. 2 packers' cans in car-load lots cost $20.66 F.O.B. at present.

Relying on the perfection of its producing machinery, Continental Can, along with American, guarantees 998 out of every thousand cans it delivers to food and fruit canners.

Both companies supply the machinery on a lease basis with which the canner closes them, and the guaranty holds good only if the canner uses the closing machine of the particular company supplying the cans.

This, coupled with plant location and uniform quality of product, tends to hold customers in line.

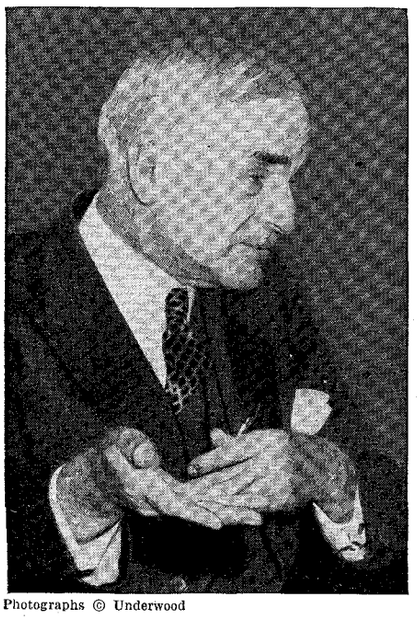
Advisers Provided—To bolster its customer relationship, Continental keeps a large force of technical men in crop areas to give "spot" advice to canners. They would assist a canner, for instance, to determine the proper temperature in which to cook or process a pea crop which turned out unusually hard. Continental and other can companies maintain laboratories to develop improved methods of food canning technique.

The big months for food canning are June, July, August, and September, altho the products may wait months to reach pantry shelves. Soon the packers' can divisions of the can makers will hum busily again. And millions of the shiny tin cylinders will roll off can lines.

MORE LUXURIES U. S. and France Sign Pact to Widen Export Trade

The average American prefers French champagne and perfume to any other, and the average Frenchman likes Oregon apples and Kennebunk salmon better than the "home-grown" varieties. Since the War the problem has been how to hurdle tariff walls.

Last week newspaper readers of both countries learned that Cordell Hull, soft-spoken, grandfatherly Secretary of State, and André de Laboulaye, Paris's suave, persuasive-tongued Ambassador in Washington, had nimbly vaulted at least a few of the trade barriers.



Photographs © Underwood

Secretary of State Cordell Hull and French Minister of Commerce Georges Bonnet (right): Both were pleased by the new Trade Treaty between France and the United States

Across the Atlantic, Georges Bonnet, tall, spare French Minister of Commerce, patted the failing locks on his studious pate, and smiled his pleasure over a new Trade Treaty with the United States.

Under its terms, France not only will reduce import duties on nineteen items, but also will make concessions in her import quotas on forty-four others, either in the form of additional allocations to existing quotas or definite new allocations to the United States.

Chief American products affected are machinery, automobiles, refrigerators, radios, fruits, canned and frozen fish. The value of the total group reached $24,500,000 in 1935, out of total American exports to France of $116,900,000.

Market Widened—French tariffs generally have been moderate, and many of America's best exports—cotton, tobacco, and copper, for example—have been admitted duty-free. But France has imposed rigid quantitative restrictions, or quotas on the amount of goods admitted.

On its part, the United States will make flat tariff reductions on seventy-one French products, such as perfumes, champagnes, wines, lace, cigarette paper, and Roquefort cheese. Champagne, by the cut, will cost about sixty-one cents a bottle less.

These seventy-one items accounted for $19,070,000 worth of the $58,333,000 of French imports in 1935.

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quota revisions on the part of France, the agreement provides for substantial most-favored-nation treatment by each country of the commerce of the other.

Series of Pacts—The Franco-American Treaty is the thirteenth pact signed since the passage of the Trade Agreements Act by Congress in June, 1934, and is the fifth signed with a European country.

It will take effect June 15, 1936, and continue to July 1, 1937. Thereafter it will be in effect indefinitely, but can be terminated on six months' notice.

It contains, however, several "escape clauses" which provide for modification or termination under exceptional conditions. If a wide change occurs which may affect either country, the country concerned may propose modifications.

While not affecting as large a volume of trade as the Canadian agreement, reached last November, it may be of equal diplomatic and commercial importance, in that it is the first to be reached with a major European nation which controls imports through a quota system.

M. Bonnet described it as "more than a trade pact—a veritable guaranty of peace." Secretary Hull said it is "a long forward stride in extricating the world from a morass of economic distress."

Press Comment—The New York *Times* found the treaty "in several ways the most important trade agreement negotiated."

Its potentialities, noted the Hartford (Conn.), *Courant*, are probably greater than those of the Canadian Treaty, for in negotiating with France the United States made its first effort to raze the barriers against trade in the form of quotas.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* reported that opinions ranging from sharp criticism to genuine elation were expressed over the pact. The lace manufacturing industry appeared depressed, feeling that France would be able to flood the market here. Certain divisions of the food industry were visibly gratified at the removal of barriers against fruit and fish. Liquor importers were said to be jubilant, while dealers in domestic wines voiced opposition. Most domestic producers, however, point out that imported products sell in a different price class and will not compete with domestic products.

TRADING NATION Millions of Americans Unknowingly Have Interests in Stocks and Bonds

Fred Lauterbach, of Pasadena, California, sells a going chain of filling stations for $23,600 cash, with a view to retiring. A neighbor, *Otto Krausmeier*, customer's man connected with the Los Angeles branch of a member of the New York Stock Exchange, has suggested that *Mr. Lauterbach* invest the money in some good, safe stock. After a conference, they agree on *Sunbeam Oil & Gas*—the ticker tells them that the precise moment in New York is favorable—150 shares at 147, the current quotation.

The branch manager checks the order, hands it to an order-clerk; the clerk records the transaction, passes the slip to a telegraph-operator; the operator flashes it 3,111 miles to the main office in Wall Street. There, it goes from the receiving operator to the head order-clerk, who telephones it to the broker's clerk on the floor of the Exchange.

With one hand the latter writes out the order, with the other he presses a button in his sound-proof booth. On one of the huge annunciator-boards which almost cover the north and south walls of the immense trading-hall, a white number-plate flaps insistently. The firm's broker, thus summoned, scurries to the booth, then elbows his way back across the crowded floor to one of the seventeen trading-posts.

3,000 Miles, 59 Seconds—From two to twenty minutes later, *Mr. Lauterbach* is informed by wire to the Los Angeles office that he is the owner of 150 shares of stock. The record for a 3,000-mile transaction is fifty-nine seconds.

Up to March 4, 1789, trading, to Americans, meant hitching up the bays, driving three or four miles to town, and swapping seven dozen eggs and a clot of butter for a bolt of calico. What little cash circulated was kept in private banks, or under the mattress. There were no such things as stocks and bonds.

On that date the New World became, overnight, a nation of investors; for the First Congress of the United States, meeting in the Sub-Treasury Building in New York City, authorized the issuance of $80,000,000 of government bonds, to consolidate and refund the cost of the Revolutionary War.

Thus, by the scratch of a pen, an entirely new form of property was created—a form of property for which there was no regular market nearer than London or Amsterdam. How could such a vast flotation be sold to thousands of small investors scattered throughout the thirteen States?

Twenty-four alert auctioneers saw their chance; with a rude wooden table and a bench from a near-by tavern, they set up business under a buttonwood-tree on the site of what is now 68 Wall Street. When inclement weather drove them indoors, they sought shelter in one of the convenient taverns or coffee-houses.

Within three years their business had grown to such proportions that these early traders found it necessary to organize. On May 17, 1792, just 144 years ago, the twenty-four signed an agreement fixing minimum commission rates and establishing certain rules; that was the beginning of the New York Stock Exchange.

Modern Methods—From such a humble start, the Exchange has grown from twenty-four members to 1,375, most of them partners in 630 brokerage and investment firms; the legendary buttonwood-tree has given way to a modern air-conditioned sky-scraper occupying a block front along Wall Street from New to Broad Streets; from the original issue of $80,000,000 of bonds, securities listed and traded as of May 1, 1936, had increased to approximately 1,200 stock issues with a market value of $47,774,000,000, and 1,500 bond issues worth more than $41,524,000,000.

To handle thousands of daily transactions, an intricate and precise mechanism has been perfected.

First came the telegraph, which, supplemented by the electric ticker, now brings price-changes to 359 cities in forty-four States and territories and six foreign countries as quickly as they are known on the Exchange floor. More than 4,000 tickers are in use, 1,500 in the New York financial district, and 2,500-odd operated by Western Union over a 5,000-mile radius.

Speedier Trading—The invention of the telephone further facilitated the speeding up of stock trading.

More than 3,000 instruments in the Wall Street district alone handle 2,000,000 calls in every five-hour trading-period between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M.

In order to maintain rigid standards of business conduct, the Exchange looks carefully into the record of every applicant for membership, requires him to submit the names of prospective partners and certain key-employees. It can discipline members with fines, suspend them, or even expel them; its auditors examine members' books. The Exchange fixes uniform rates of commissions.

Many an American, without realizing it, has a vital interest in the workings of this amazing system. For, in addition to the 15,000,000 who own securities outright, 39,000,000 savings-bank depositors, and 63,000,000 life insurance policy-holders own them indirectly, through the investments of banks and insurance companies.

Mural by Ezra Winter. Photo courtesy the Bank of the Manhattan Company

Wall Street in 1792: New York's first Stock Exchange, under the buttonwood-tree

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

Captain Clark who brought the *Oregon* around the Horn, and arrived in time to take a very prominent part in the Battle of Santiago when the Spanish Fleet was destroyed off Cuba.

The writer was also interested some few years ago in reading "The Pageant of America," published by the Yale Press, to note that they had made the same error.

I have been wondering if possibly there is some supposedly standard history that gives this misstatement of fact. C. R. RILEY.
Bristol, Connecticut.

[Capt. Charles Edgar Clark, U.S.N., it was who brought the historic *Oregon* from San Francisco to Key West. That feat advanced him six numbers in rank. His eminent and conspicuous conduct in the Battle of Santiago de Cuba, July 3, 1898, advanced him seven additional numbers in rank. He was promoted to rear-admiral on June 16, 1902, was retired on August 10, 1905, and died on October 1, 1922. In the Battle of Santiago, Capt. Robley Dunglison ("Fighting Bob") Evans commanded the U.S.S. *Iowa*, tho Vol. 7 of "The Pageant of America" recalls "the new battle-ship *Oregon*, which, under Fighting Bob Evans, made a record run of 14,000 miles from the North Pacific to Key West, where she arrived, completely fit for action, on May 26."—*Editor.*]

Styles

Sir:—In your May 2 item "War of Fashion," the thought "that the action stems from a woman's vanity" is open to difference of opinion, and the suggestion that the Guild is "doing something" about preventing the wearing of duplicates is giving the Guild credit for something they do not contemplate.

Their efforts may prevent the wearing of cheapened copies by the woman (consumer) who can not afford the finer fabrics and the perfect fitting accomplished by the more skilled workman who produces the so-called original.

But the Guild makes no pretense to prevent spotting "another wearing a duplicate of her 'exclusive' gown 'at Wednesday bridge.'"

The Guild policy does not limit the number of an "exclusive" garment a merchant member may purchase from a manufacturer member, nor does the Guild prevent the member manufacturer from selling the same "exclusive" garment to several merchant-members in the same city.

Therefore, the Guild is doing nothing to prevent the wearing of duplicates, nor are they catering to woman's vanity as your item suggests. MAURICE WEINBERGER.
Nashville, Tennessee.

[Mr. Weinberger is right as far as he goes. The Guild makes no effort to prevent the wearing of cheap duplicates, but only to prevent pirating of styles and designs of its members. THE LITERARY DIGEST suggests that he read the article again.—*Editor.*]

Bouquet

Sir:—THE LITERARY DIGEST is the only source of information that I know of to which the voter can turn and get all sides of the question in a concentrated form.
G. B. BRATLAND.
Davenport, North Dakota.

Puerto Rico

Sir:—I refer to the article "Tender of Liberty to Puerto Ricans" in your issue of May 2.

I am indeed sorry that you refer to the Puerto Ricans as "little brown brothers." The deprecative expression betrays shamefully our general ignorance of Puerto Rico and its people. And how do you refer to the large proportion of highly cultured white Puerto Ricans?

We do not refer to all Southerners in the United States as "brown brothers" simply because the South contains a great proportion of Negroes. FRANCIS D. HORROBIN.
Lajas, Puerto Rico.

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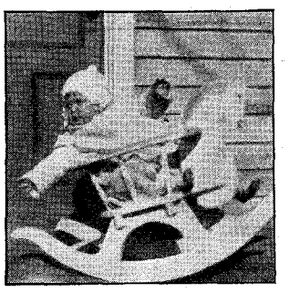
By DR. LOUIS FISCHER



Consulting Physician to the Willard Parker Hospital; Consulting Physician to the St. Vincent's Hospital, Montclair, New Jersey; former Instructor in Diseases of Children at the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital; author of "Diseases of Infancy and Childhood," etc., etc.

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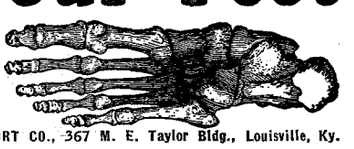

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Lucky. — Ed Wynn, the radio comic, is to blame for the story about the A.E.F. hero who won a Croix de Guerre but he was so ugly they couldn't find a French general to kiss him.—*Foreign Service.*

Look Away.—"I want to see your beauty editor," said the caller at the sanctum of a popular magazine.

"Are you following her advice?"

"I am."

"Got confidence in it?"

"I have."

"Then you don't want to see her." — *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Criticism?—Inmates of the local insane asylum attended a gramophone concert recently, during which all types of recorded melody were given a hearing. When the program was concluded they were asked to vote on what they liked best.

Unanimous choice was for American jazz.—*Variety.*

As the Years Pass.—Evolution of a man's ambition:—

To be a circus clown.
To be like dad.
To be a fireman.
To do something noble.
To get wealthy.
To make ends meet.
To get the old-age pension.

—*Trenton Republican-Times.*

Genesis.—A surgeon, an architect, and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest.

Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib, and that surely was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

"But," interrupted the politician, "somebody created the chaos first!"—*Montreal Star.*

Important.—The master, to impress on his pupils the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important, and one hundred if it was very important.

Next day he was speaking, standing with his back to the fire, when he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted: "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred. Your coat's on fire, sir!"—*Expositor.*

Racket.—LANDLORD (to prospective tenant)—"You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

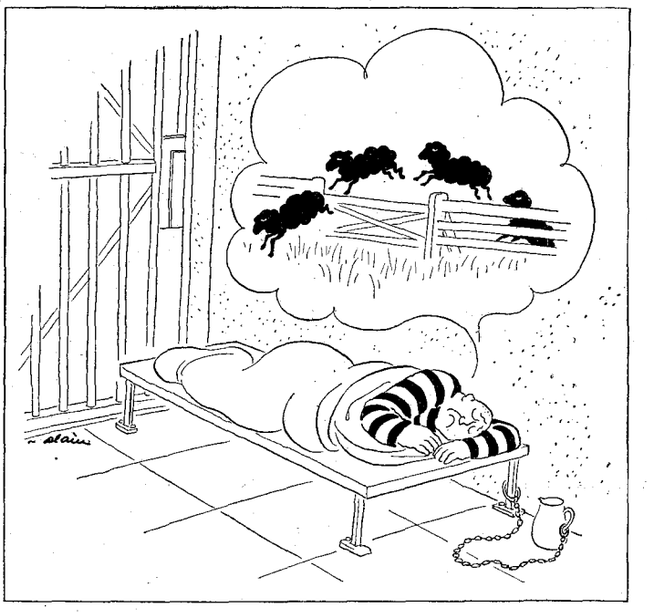
"No."

"A piano, radio, or victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instruments? Do you have a dog, cat, or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches like hell sometimes." — *Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



—Alain in The New Yorker

Underpunished at That.—He liked showing off, and seized the occasion of dining with some friends at a restaurant.

"Waitah," he called in a swaggering voice, "bring me some verulam and ova."

About fifteen minutes later the waiter returned with a plate of bacon and eggs.

"Bacon and eggs, sir," he exclaimed. "In ordinary English it would be a shilling, but in classical language it costs half a crown. 'Let the punishment fit the crime,' as we used to say at Oxford. Anything else, sir?" —*Tit-Bits.*

Same Result.—"Are you a college man?"

"No; a horse stepped on my hat."—*The Beehive.*

True to Form.—"And if I refuse you, Cecil, will you commit suicide?"

"Well, that has been my usual custom."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Making It Worse. — LADY (at a dance)—"Do you know that homely fellow sitting on the other side of the room?"

PARTNER — "Certainly. He is my brother."

LADY — "Pardon me. I hadn't noticed the resemblance."—*Pathfinder.*

Confusing.—JIMMY—"But why do you keep on calling me Charlie? Didn't I tell you my name was Jimmy?"

ELSIE—"Of course; how stupid of me! But I keep on thinking this is Wednesday night."—*Cash Year.*

Recognition.—Some twenty or thirty midshipmen were spending an afternoon, when some bad *hombre* came thundering in, shooting his pistol right and left, and said to the middies, "Every one of you dirty skunks get out of here." Everybody scampered out except one little plebe. The bad man turned to him with his pistol still smoking and said, "Well." The plebe said, "There sure were a lot of 'em."—*The Log (U. S. Naval Academy).*

Slips That Pass in the Type

Marriage Licenses—
John R. D———, 2½, 612 West Ormsby, and Agnes S———, 25.—*Louisville (Ky.) paper.*

Hey, ma, a lady just swiped Sonny out of his carriage.

Even at the undisputed age of 100 years, Mrs. C——— R——— exercises a woman's privilege. Records in the Santa Cruz mission show that she was born in 1934, and therefore is 102, she refuses to admit to more than 100 years.—*Indianapolis paper.*

That's a woman for you!

E——— P——— will be connected with the United States Navy Yard at Cavite. He was accompanied by his fife and their three children.—*Manila (P. I.) paper.*

Single file, to the tune of "We're in the Navy Now."

For Sale—Good Monarch range with big reservoir, electric motor, and about two dozen hens.—*Dillon (Montana) paper.*

Everything *and* the kitchen stove.

In the end, however, the Russian government dramatically sends to him 30 peanuts bitten by mad wolves—charging him to do what he can for them.—*Denver paper.*

Those Russians—they get drama into everything.

Be sure to undress baby properly in hot water.—*Houston (Tex.) paper.*

Aren't you making things a little too complicated for comfort?

For Sale—CANARY AND MULE, both good singers.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

We'll just stick to the old victrola, thanks.

The geologist expects to devote the first part of his stay to the study of the lower football region.—*Fresno (Calif.) paper.*

Rooting for the old team.

Notice—I have opened my ICE Mouse in the Melrose Implment Building.—*Melrose (N. M.) paper.*

Well, you're just frittering away your time, if you ask us.

Mrs. P——— is on trial for her life, before a jury composed of a dozing Dorothy.—*Dallas (Tex.) paper.*

Come there, Dorothy—ups-a-daisy!

The bride was given in marriage by A. E. H——— who wore a long gown of blue organza with pink veil and sandals and carried a colonial bouquet of sweetheart roses.—*Azusa (Calif.) paper.*

Anything for a laugh, eh?

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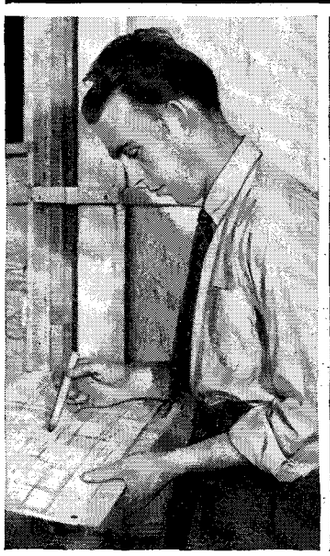
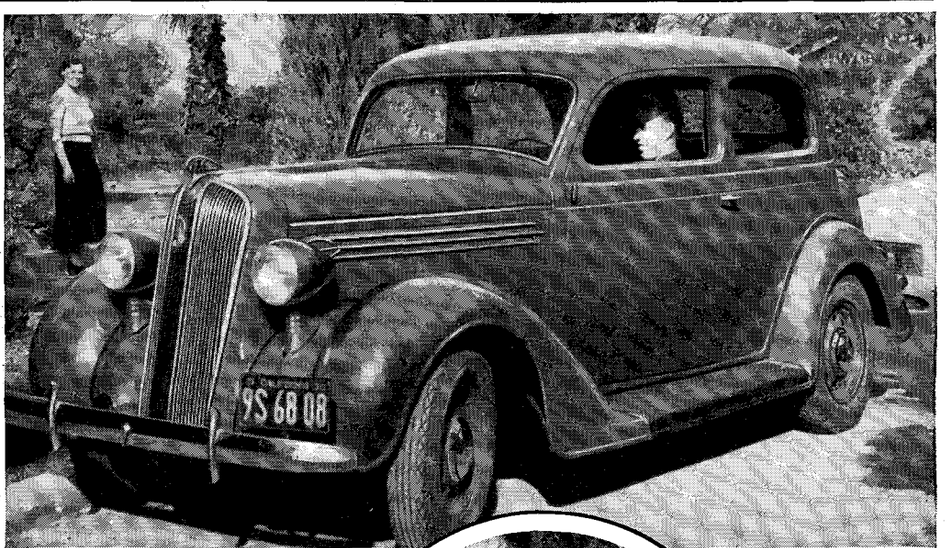
"I Found Plymouth is Priced with the Lowest

—IT'S MY CHOICE OF 'ALL THREE' ON COMFORT, SAFETY, AND STYLE!"





GARY EVANS, Arcadia, Cal., is an engineer and designer ... and a lover of outdoor sports.

"I looked at 'All Three' low-priced cars this year," he says, "and when I found 'em priced so nearly the same, that settled it.

"Only Plymouth offered the comfort...room...style and performance I wanted. And my first trip made me sure I picked right when I picked Plymouth.

"I knew in advance about Plymouth's dependability... sensational gas and oil economy ... and its double-action Hydraulic Brakes and Safety-Steel body... because lots of my friends own Plymouths. As an engineer, I *know* it's an even greater car than they told me!"

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(Top, left) Mr. Evans designs outdoor camping equipment.

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(Top, right) "Only Plymouth of 'All Three' had the style, comfort, safety and performance I was looking for."

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(Left) "A designer myself, I couldn't resist Plymouth's greater beauty."

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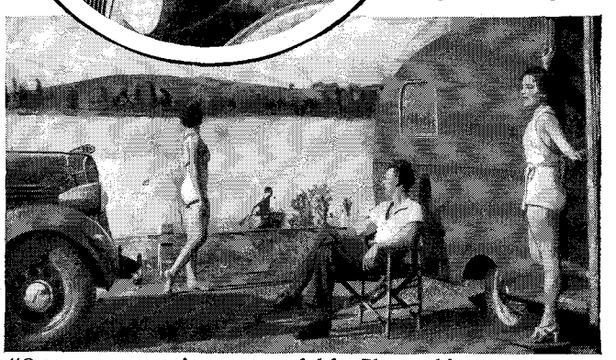

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